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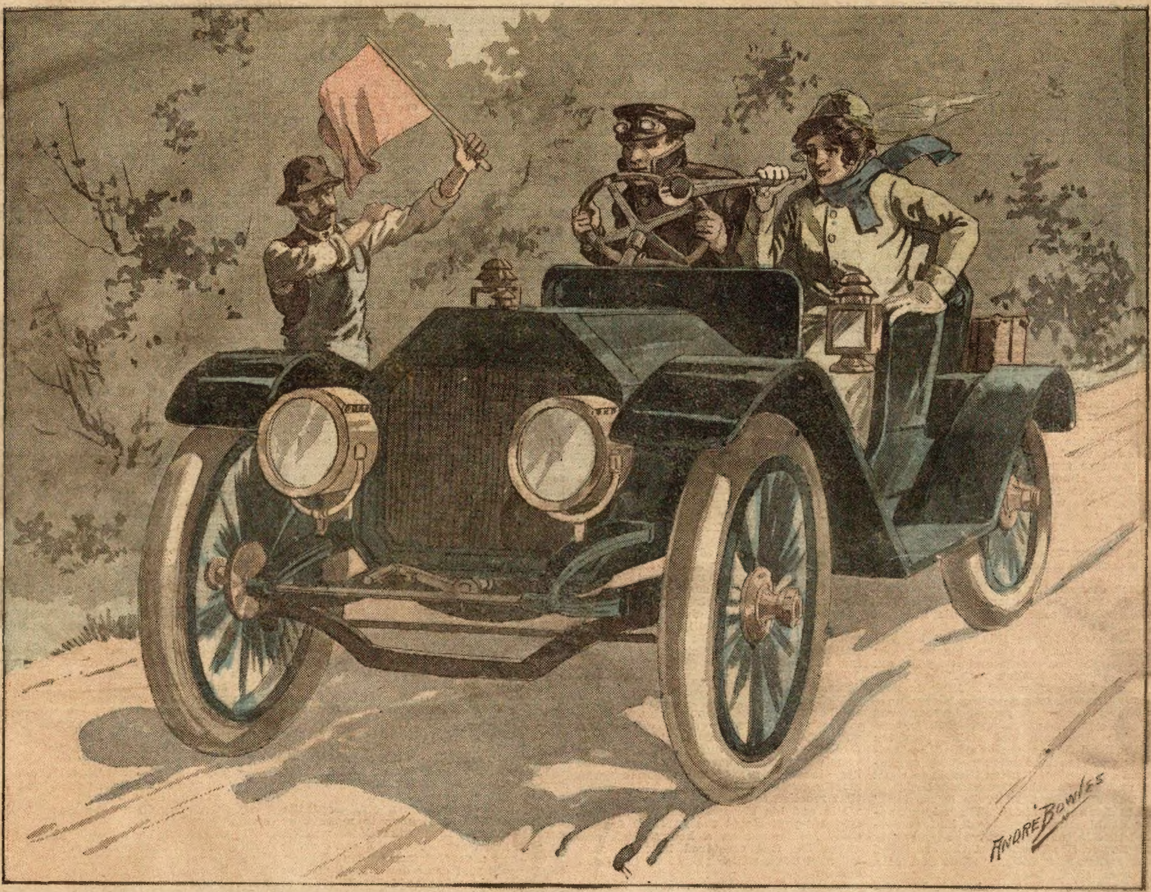

Pansy Wayne's Honeymoon

Or, The Green Motor Cloak

By C. Mackie

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CHAPTER I.

INN OF THE DRUM AND BELL

UNDER fair New England skies Dick Wayne and his bride were lazily motoring along the perfect roads and the imperfect by-ways, lingering wherever fancy invited, absorbed in each other—blissfully happy.

The month was June and roses were everywhere; the fragrant blossoms nodded at them from village gardens, from the pergolas of magnificent country estates, and even from the wayside hedges where the delicate wild rose lifted her incense to Heaven.

They were following a river—an ever-changing stream; now the river tumbled over rapids, again it flowed like sparkling laughter; and then it slipped under some ancient covered bridge and pursued its way, secretly, beneath a green tunnel of alders and bending willow trees.

The Waynes were following the river wherever it led; it had been Pansy's charming fancy to do this and Dick needed no persuasion, since Pansy's wishes were his own.

Sometimes they lost the river for awhile, when they wandered away to take in some lovely village or to skirt some insurmountable hill, but invariably the road they followed eventually led back to the river.

They avoided the well-traveled motor roads except at those times when the river road was impassable or when it was necessary to seek a direct route to some stopping place.

On the seventh day after their marriage, they had spent the night at Hindleton, where there was a large summer hotel.

In the morning Pansy came down to the car wearing a wonderful motor coat of soft, lustrous green silk. Her rose-tinted face with its brown, pansy-like eyes, looked like a flower indeed, rising out of its green sheath; and the little shirred bonnet of green silk was the calyx.

"My pansy-rose!" whispered Dick as he helped her to the seat beside him.

Pansy blushed and glanced quickly at the group of interesting spectators on the hotel veranda. There were friendly nods and gay farewells from the acquaintances they had made since their arrival the night before, but out of the group only one face stood out distinctly.

A tall, black-haired man, with a jetty goatee, was in the act of mounting a motorcycle at the steps. His burning gaze was fastened on Pansy's face.

"What is it, dear?" asked Dick curiously, as they started off.

"Nothing—much," sighed Pansy withdrawing her eyes from the man's dark face. "Hurry, Dick, let us be on the way. Br-r-r-r!" She shivered.

"Are you cold?" demanded Dick.

"Just a creepy chill—I hope it isn't a premonition—mercy! I mustn't croak about omens on my honeymoon!" she ended in a burst of light laughter. "How do you like my green coat, Dick?"

Dick's eyes left the road ahead and looked adoringly at his beautiful wife.

"It is wonderful," he agreed; "I am hourly amazed at the exquisite garments you bring out of that wonderful little trunk, Pansy."

"I love this coat," murmured Pansy, drawing her fingers over its silken breadths. "There is only one other just like it in the world—so Madam Florine said when I bought it. She had made two out of a special piece of silk; one went to a girl in Chicago and the other one to your wife, sir!" with an adorable blush.

Then Dick kissed her, just as the motorcyclist flashed past them in a cloud of dust. He had disappeared around a bend in the road before they recovered breath after his swift passing.

"There he goes!" cried Pansy impulsively.

"Do you know him?" questioned Dick.

"No—only I happened to notice him as we left the hotel; he looked so black and forbidding and villainous that I felt afraid of him—that was what I meant when I spoke of evil omens."

Dick laughed heartily.

"Very likely he is a most inoffensive floorwalker from Boston taking his annual vacation," he chuckled.

"I don't believe any department store would employ such a Mephistopheles as floorwalker," protested Pansy and in laughter the subject was dropped.

But afterwards, when death stared them in the face they would remember that conversation on the Hindleton road.

Presently Dick stopped to study his road map.

"If we keep right on we will soon be on the Holly Road and following that we will reach the Holly Inn in time for dinner tonight; or we can turn off just beyond here and take the Lower Road, which is rather poor in spots but very picturesque and eventually leads to the river. Later on we can take a crossroad connecting with the Holly Road and so reach the Inn in good season. The Lower Road looks good to me, honey. Did you have lunch put up for us?"

"Yes. I thought it would be lovely to eat it somewhere along the river bank."

"Good!"

The car turned into the Lower Road, where they met no motors but many creaking farm wagons and country vehicles. But after awhile they passed a road which seemed to lead to a farming community and down which the wagons had come; beyond that they had the Lower Road to themselves.

They proceeded at a leisurely pace, now and then catching a glimpse of the river, but finally losing sight of it altogether. The scenery grew wilder and there was a decided upgrade for the car. When one o'clock came Pansy decided that it would be useless to delay the meal until they actually found the river, so they ate it sitting in the little car.

Dick had announced that they would be due at the crossroads about five o'clock, giving themselves ample time to reach the Holly Inn for dinner.

So they idled along the Lower Road, with its glimpses of hill and valley, its waterfalls and tumbled gray rocks, its ferny glens and mossy dells and fragrant pine groves. Above their heads a south wind made a hushing lullaby in the tree tops.

It was almost six o'clock when they finally came to the crossroad that cut through the woods into the main highway that led to Holly.

But they were to meet with a surprise.

At the crossroads stood two men clad in working clothes, waving red flags of danger.

Dick stopped the car.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

One of the men touched his hat and came forward.

"You cannot pass this way," he said roughly. "They've been blasting out rock on the crossroads and it's piled six feet deep with broken rock."

"The dickens!" whistled Dick in dismay. "I want to get to the Holly Inn—is there another crossroad farther on?"

"No—you'll have to turn back and go way to Hindleton and strike into the Holly Road from there—unless," he hesitated and glanced furtively at his sullen-faced companion, "unless they keep right on and stay at the Drum and Bell."

"The Drum and Bell? Is it an inn?" asked Dick doubtfully. He was glancing at his road book and had discovered that in that authoritative guide that the Lower Road ended at the crossroad where they now were. "What sort of a place is it?"

"It's all right; not much style but Mrs Petty is a scrumptious cook and the place is filled with old furniture—folks go crazy over it; some of 'em come way from New York to buy it. You see, the building is awful old, most a hundred years; once upon a time it was an old mill; then they turned it into a tavern and some of the Petty family have kept it ever sinse."

"It sounds so fascinating," murmured Pansy; "do let us try it, Dick; perhaps we can find some old china for my collection."

"Very well," decided Dick. "I am obliged for your information: I guess we'll keep on and try the Drum and Bell."

A curious light flickered in his informant's cold gray eyes.

"Well, just keep on for a couple of miles, take the first turn to the left and follow the river road for a spell; you'll come to what looks like an old mill, but it's the Drum and Bell. George Washington slept there once," he added, convincingly.

Dick laughed.

"Well, that sets the stamp of approval on the place," he called over his shoulder as the car started on its way.

The two laborers put away the cigars Dick had given them, and as soon as the car and its occupants were out of sight, they rolled up the red flags and hid them among the bushes.

Then they plunged into the thick woods that ran parallel with the road to the Inn of the Drum and Bell.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE TAPESTRY ROOM.

THE two miles were soon covered and, as the laborer had directed, they came to a road running to the left. Dick was rather doubtful about following this road as it plunged abruptly downward and looked more like an abandoned woodroad than a traveled highway. Dead leaves covered it deeply and it appeared to turn directly into the woods beyond.

"But this road is so narrow that we cannot turn around," said Pansy doubtfully, as her husband hesitated. "At least we may be able to turn down there and come back."

"We must do something very soon," explained Dick, "for it is growing dark now. Well, here goes!"

The Red Streak, as Dick called his machine, turned into the woodroad, bounding easily over the cushion of dead leaves. With brakes set and power shut off, The Red Streak took the steep incline gently, smoothly, rounding the corner at the bottom to find that the road undulated through thick woods, finally winding sharply to the left to enter an equally deserted road that bordered the river.

"The river again!" cried Pansy delightedly.

"It isn't quite so attractive along here," commented Dick; "looks rather dismal to me. All willow and rushes and queer creaking birds!" He laughed as a great blue heron rose flapping from the reeds and flew complainingly away.

"It's rather froggy, too!" sighed Pansy, leaning against Dick's shoulder. "I shall be glad to see to reach the warm comfort of the Drum and Bell."

"Hope we have fried chicken; I'm hungry as a bear."

"Very likely we can have it if we order it."

It was growing darker every moment. Dick got out and lighted his lamps and the triangular white rays pierced the gloom ahead; all sorts of little wood inhabitants rustled in the underbrush. Birds twittered sleepily in the trees, frogs chorused along the reedy banks, and insect orchestras made the very air teem with shrill sound.

"Isn't it noisy? And lonesome at the same time?"

"'Fraid, dear?" asked Dick. "Why, you must be brave, little girl—we may be put to rest in the haunted chamber of the Drum and Bell."

"I am more afraid of the living than the dead," said Pansy, simply.

"Nothing to be afraid of here," reassured Dick. "Gee! but the road grows narrower every inch we move—now it turns again—a light—a light!" He crowded joyfully as he pushed forward the speed lever and The Red Streak shot confidently ahead.

"Here we are!" cried Dick at last.

They had stopped without turning off the road and found themselves in an ill-kept yard. From some tumbledown stables came the stirring of horses and somewhere a hen clucked sleepily. Through the deep twilight they could make out the dim bulk of a long, low building from which a sign hung creaking in the wind.

Lights shone through small-paned windows.

Dick sounded his siren impatiently and the back door of the house opened and a man's gigantic form came across the yard. When he came within radius of the motor lamps they saw that he was very old, perhaps seventy-five, and that his large-featured countenance was mostly covered with a long white beard that reached to his waist. His hair was white and his bleared eyes and swollen features proclaimed the habitual drunkard. He leaned on a heavy stick and about his feet clustered half a dozen mongrel dogs, which yelped at the newcomers.

"Down—down, curs!" shouted the old man, brandishing his stick. "Clear out!"

The dogs slunk growlingly into the shadows and the man came and put a hand on the car.

"Well?" he rasped. "What d'ye want here?"

"A night's lodging," said Dick tersely. "This is the Drum and Bell, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I was directed here; I suppose you can accommodate us?"

"I guess so," grumbled the old giant. Turning about, he put his hands to his lips and bellowed: "Ma!"

Again the door opened and a woman's shadowy form appeared on the threshold.

"What you want?" she shrilled.

"Can you get supper for some folks?"

"Of course I can if they'll be satisfied with chicken."

"It will do," said Dick.

"Get it ready, then!" commanded mine host, and the door closed upon "Ma." "It's all right," he said to Dick.

"Have you a shed where I can put up the car?" asked Dick as he lifted Pansy from the machine and unstrapped the baggage from the rack behind.

"Straight ahead there—I'll light a lantern and hold it for you."

Ten minutes later Dick and his wife were sitting in the dreary parlor of the inn waiting for the supper which was being prepared for them.

Lighted by a large, ill-smelling oil lamp, the long, low-ceilinged room was a gloomy spot in spite of the rich treasure of antique furniture which crowded it. Dust covered everything and from behind the glass doors of an old cupboard there was a glimpse of ancient plates and cups and pewter ware.

The room smelled damp and musty and the thick carpet on the floor seemed to be padded with straw; it rustled with every footstep.

The house was very quiet. They had heard Mr. Petty creak upstairs with their baggage and creak down again. Once he had thrust his forbidding countenance into the room and announced that supper was ready.

The meal was eaten in another dismal apartment and even the delicious fried chicken and crisp waffles could not atone for the primitive table appointments.

The Waynes soon finished the meal and asked to be shown to their room. Mrs. Petty came to show them the way. She was a tall, thin, frightened-looking woman with a long, thin nose, the tip of which was extremely red—the result of either much weeping or a fondness for spirits. Dick and Pansy agreed that it must be a mixture of both.

She preceded them up a narrow staircase, her calico skirts flapping about her untidy feet, her candle dripping grease on every step.

Pansy crept close to Dick and felt his strong arm around her waist as they reached a gloomy passage that wound away toward the back of the house.

"Here is your room," said Mrs. Petty, throwing open a door. "It's called the 'Tapestry Room' because of the landscape paper on the wall—the paper came from London a hundred years ago. I had Susy make up the bed—I guess you'll find the room comfortable!" She placed the candle on a high bureau and went out.

CHAPTER III.

"HE IS NEVER COMING BACK!"

DICK and Pansy looked around the old fashioned room with its carved four-post bedstead, its rush-bottomed chairs, its fresh curtains and newly scrubbed floor. The bed looked clean and comfortable and it was evident that although disorder might reign below, the Drum and Bell could offer a comfortable night's rest. But suddenly Pansy Wayne flung herself into her husband's arms.

"Oh, Dick, I am afraid—afraid!" she sobbed.

A knock sounded on the open door.

Pansy disengaged herself from Dick's arms and looked past Dick at Mr. Petty's form bulking in the passage.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," said the old man; "but we'll have to move that car of yours—I forgot that Ferd wanted to put his wagon there. I can't cross Ferd—he's a fearful independent fellow; so, if you'll just come down for a minute and show us what to do we'll shift it into the carriage house."

"Very well," said Dick impatiently.

"Come right back, Dick," whispered Pansy.

"Surely, darling, and lock the door if you feel afraid," he murmured in her ear.

"It's the room I am afraid of!" she panted. "Hurry—hurry—dear!"

Dick threw her a reassuring glance as he went out and closed the door behind him.

Pansy crossed the room, shot the bolt home and then stood, trembling like a leaf, her hands crossed on her bosom.

"This dreadful, dreadful Tapestry Room!" she moaned. "Why did we ever come here?"

Pansy Wayne was to ask herself that question many times before she learned the true answer.

Against the door she leaned, her large frightened eyes searching the dusky corners of the room for some comfort. If there had been more than one candle, it might have made things better. She decided that Dick must ask Mr. Petty for half a dozen candles. What a gloomy, sepulchral thing was that four poster! The reflection of the candlelight in the polished mahogany furniture looked like approaching ghosts.

The famous tapestry paper on the wall depicted a hunting scene with red coated horsemen, the hunter winding his horn, the trailing dogs, the faded green of the woodland scene was repeated in every panel of the fifteen that covered the walls of the room.

"Oh, I wish the candle would stop flickering!" cried Pansy impatiently. "It looks as though all the horses were running and—there!" she suddenly blew out the candle with a nervous energy that surprised her usually well-poised self. "What is the matter with me?" she asked of herself in the darkness. "It must be the river rushing below and those awful frogs."

So Pansy waited there, palpitating, in the darkness.

Would Dick ever come?

A deep-toned clock struck in the lower hall.

It was nine o'clock—surely Dick could have put a dozen automobiles away in this short time. For the first time in her life Pansy felt impatient with her husband.

Time passed. The silence of the Tapestry Room grew more unbearable every moment.

"I must have a light!" she muttered and fumbled for matches, but there were none to be found.

The clock chimed ten—still Dick did not come. Pansy was thoroughly frightened.

She opened the door and called down the dark passage.

"Dick—ah, Dick!"

There came back no answer. For all the sound that came from the lower rooms of the Drum and Bell Pansy Wayne might have had that house to herself.

"Mrs. Petty!" she screamed at last, and waited again.

Silence brooded over the ancient inn.

At last footsteps sounded across the bare boards of the lower hall. A glow of light appeared in the passage and then came Mr. Petty bearing a tiny candle.

In the candle light his heavy face looked most unprepossessing, and Pansy felt a great fear of him as he approached and saw her standing in the doorway.

"So you are here," he said in a deep, hoarse voice.

"Yes," said Pansy. "Where is my husband?"

"This will tell you, I reckon," said the old man, giving her a torn scrap of paper.

Pansy took it, saw that it was torn from Dick's notebook, and turned it over to note a few penciled words on the other side. Still she did not read them. Her wonderment was too great.

"But, can you not tell me where my husband is?" she asked indignantly.

He shook his leonine head.

"Read it!" he said impressively.

Pansy held the paper to the light.

As she read the words, all the color drained out of her lovely face, and she reeled against the wall.

"My God—my God!" she moaned piteously.

"Is he coming back soon?" sneered the evil old man in the doorway.

"He is never coming back!" wailed the little bride as she fell prone upon the floor.

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

Read "PANSY WAYNE'S HONEYMOON; or, THE GREEN MOTOR CLOAK," in this issue, and look out next week for a great European War story, entitled, "THE DEATH RING; or, A TALE OF WAR-MAD EUROPE." Look out, also, for a splendid new boys' story, called, "BILLY BARTH'S PLUCK; or, A YOUNG DETECTIVE'S TRAIL." We have a lot of the best stories ever written awaiting publication in the Ledger. Make yourself, or some friend, a Christmas present of a regular subscription to the Ledger, so you can have its entertainment during the next year and be happy.

* * *

Father's Job.

Two men who had formerly lived in the same town met after a number of years and entered into conversation.

"Did all your boys turn out well, Jim?" asked one of them.

"Yes, indeed-they did."

"What's Albert doing?"

"He's trying to discover a new germ," replied the father.

"And Bob?"

"Oh, Bob is tryin' his hand at a newspaper an' bein' editor," was the old gentleman's reply.

"And Charlie—what's he at?"

"He's an actor. All the time talkin' about elevatin' the stage."

"And what are you doing, Jim, now that all your boys are away?" asked the old friend.

"Well," answered the old man, "I'm a-supportin' of Albert an' Bob an' Charlie."

* * *

Danger Averted.

"Betty said that if any man kissed her without warning she would scream for her father."

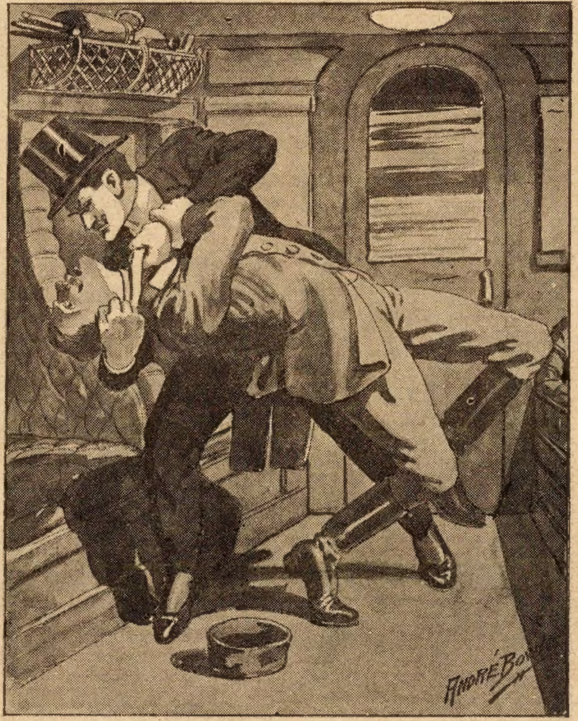
"What did you do?"

"I warned her."

Isobel, the Czar's Spy

Or, EMPIRES AT STAKE

By T. C. Harbaugh



Not a word was spoken.

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CHAPTER V.
FAILURE.

THE night succeeding Isobel's capture of Von Roon was a gala one for Berlin. The beautiful Alsatian was to appear in a new opera called "The Bohemian's Bride," and excitement ran high. Cast in the stellar role, much was expected of Isobel, and she was as anxious to sing as the Berliners were to hear her.

Never before did she appear so beautiful. She captured the vast audience from the beginning and threw her whole soul into the supreme effort. And why should she not? Had she not attained the great desire of her life? On the morrow she would read the document reposing in the steel safe of the war office and know what had taken place between the two great potentates. Von Roon was to bring it to her room. She knew she had him at her knees and that the man was ready to sacrifice all ambition and even life itself for her smiles. Upon the theory that all is fair in love and war she had not hesitated to enmesh the secretary, and she promised herself that she would shield the traitor by every means in her power, helping him, if necessary, to escape the wrath of his masters.

When she reached her chambers she ran to the telephone and was in the act of calling up Lassiter when she suddenly hesitated. She had not observed him in the audience, but then he might have been in some obscure corner of the house in order not to flustrate her in the midst of her triumph. However, she noticed one man in the lower box who gave her a little thrill. It was Strouse, the Austrian, the little agent of Franz Josef, and, for all his physique, a man to be feared. There was a smile on the little man's swarthy face. In his eyes was a look which she could not fathom and, trying to forget that near-danger lurked beneath his brows, she turned away and thought to forget him in her conquest of Von Roon.

The next morning she dressed for the secretary.

Berlin was wide awake and the streets were strangely filled with people. They stood in little groups excitedly discussing something, and Isobel's nerves tingled with fear. She dispatched Marka downstairs for a newspaper and the maid soon returned.

"You'll find all about it in the paper, no doubt, mistress," said the maid and left the room.

Isobel leaned back in her crimson chair and opened the sheet. It was there, the thing Marka had seen and heard on the street! The flaming headlines glared at the Alsatian; they had eyes that burned into her soul.

Von Roon had been murdered in the war carriage!

He was on his way to the palace with an important document intrusted to his care by the War Minister himself, and when the vehicle reached the palace gate the little secretary was found dead in it, stabbed to the heart by a dagger. And more than this, the document had been stolen from his person.

One little line gave Isobel a clew to the paper which had been taken from the dead man. It was not much, for the German police are careful, but Isobel knew that the stolen paper was the very one she sought from Von Roon.

A darkness swam for a moment before her eyes. She felt her nerves giving way, but by a desperate effort she resolutely pulled herself together. Von Roon had been killed while she was in the midst of her great triumph at the Royal Opera.

Her first thought was of Lassiter. Did he know? And why had he not come to her? She sprang to the telephone and called up the Stadt-Weimar. Her heart was beating violently in its confinement; she felt her blood turning to ice in her veins.

"Give me Mr. Burke Lassiter," cried Isobel into the telephone.

"Mr. Lassiter is no longer at the Stadt-Weimar," came back to her like a voice from the bottomless pit. "He must have left the city, for even his luggage is gone."

What, Lassiter gone? It could not be. He would not go away without bidding her good-by.

"I don't understand," she said over the wire. "He was at the hotel last night?"

"He was, and went out. Afterward he sent an order, a written one, for his belongings."

"Whither did he go?"

"We are absolutely in the dark as to his destination. There was nothing in the order concerning it. His bill is settled to date——"

"Thank you," interrupted Isobel in a quiver, and hung up the receiver.

Her face was the color of snow as she tottered back to her chair. The whole thing was utterly incomprehensible. It was a thunderbolt from the cloudless blue.

And then she thought. Had Lassiter's departure, or in other words, his flight, anything to do with the murder of Von Roon? Had he attempted to get hold of the imperial agreement in order to forestall her? Had he succeeded in his effort?

Thought, speculation, availed her nothing. All at once she reverted to Strouse. She knew that Berlin was constantly filled with spies. She was aware that each world power was trying to frustrate the other. She had been the Czar's secret agent long enough to know all this.

"I must find Lassiter!" became the controlling thought. "If he has fallen into the hands of the enemy I must know it. And, in time, I must know who killed little Von Roon and why."

She waited with burning impatience for the afternoon edition of the newspaper. When it was placed in her hands she tore it open and stared at the news. It was really true. The War Minister's secretary had been killed, presumably by some agent of another government, and the document had been purloined.

She went feverishly over all that the accounts imparted. She learned the name of the coachman who had driven the carriage, Von Tuyl; that he declared he had been stopped by no one, and that the man was to be trusted.

The whole mystery was wrapped in a covering of darkness. It deepened as she read. Throwing the journal aside she sprang to her feet. There was another agent of Russia in Berlin, a man named Semkin, who might well pass for a German. Her orders were not to seek him unless in dire circumstances, and she believed the hour had come. Clothing herself in inconspicuous garments, she was soon dashing through the streets in a taxicab.

Semkin, in order to conceal his identity, had opened a perfumer's shop in a quiet street. She had made herself familiar with the place, and once she had made a purchase for the purpose of getting a look at her co-laborer.

Leaving the taxi at a convenient spot she entered the shop and asked for Semkin. A short man with a pair of gray eyes and a dropped shoulder, came forward and awaited her pleasure. The look that shot from Isobel's eyes was a countersign which Semkin understood. In another moment the two were in a little back room secure from all intrusion.

"I am Mademoiselle Isobel," said the Alsatian to the staring perfumer. "You know what happened last night?"

"I know," nodded Semkin.

"Do you know what Von Roon carried on his person?"

Semkin shrugged his shoulder.

"He carried something worth millions to Russia," said he.

"Yes?"

"He had the agreement between Germany and Austria."

"And was taking it whither?"

"To the Emperor."

"And it was not found on the—the body?"

"No. the person who killed Von Roon took possession of it."

Isobel could not speak. The prize had vanished. Her blood seemed to stop in her veins.

"You wanted it, Mademoiselle?" asked Semkin with a smile.

"I did. I would have given my life for a look at it. It was to have been placed in my hands today."

"By whom?"

"By Von Roon himself."

"You had bought him, then?"

The face of the Alsatian flushed.

"There's no use mincing matters," she confessed. "I had bought the murdered man."

"Well," coolly said Semkin. "It is gone. Heaven knows what disposition will be made of it now."

"I will find it, Semkin! I will recover the stolen document."

The Russian stared at her blankly. Without more ado Isobel rose to her feet and darted away. As she emerged from the shop a limousine shot by. In it sat Strouse, the Austrian.

CHAPTER VI.
THE WARSAW EXPRESS.

LASSITER was a prisoner on board the Warsaw Express.

When he reached the imperial station in the hands of Martz he was hustled into a compartment of the train about to take its flight through the darkness. His luggage was thrown in after him and the door locked.

The whole thing seemed a dream to the Englishman.

He gritted his teeth when he realized how completely he had been duped by the conspirtors, at the head of whom he naturally placed Strouse, the Austrian. This secret agent was full of expedients; he was a foe to be reckoned with, a man of a thousand-and-one resources, and Lassiter knew what that meant.

There was no escape.

Fortunately he did not have to look into the gloating eyes of an enemy, for he was alone in the compartment and could reflect over his new and startling fortunes. Of course his thoughts reverted to Isobel. Since he was in the toils, what would happen to the beautiful Alsatian now?

He did not know, as the train puffed out of the great station, that the tragedy of the War Minister's carriage was taking place, that Von Roon was slipping out of the game by the dagger route. His thoughts dwelt wholly upon Isobel.

Would Strouse now turn his vengeance upon her? Would she be apprehended as the spy of the Czar, forced into some loathsome prison or, like himself, banished from Germany?

He forgot his wild ride in his solicitude for the beautiful woman he was leaving behind.

The imprisoned Briton did not come back to himself till he saw the myriad lights of Frankfort-on-the-Oder.

He was well on his way to Warsaw and more than once he cursed his indiscretion.

The train rattled into the city and Lassiter leaned back in his seat with clinched hands and blanched face.

All at once there was the clicking of a lock, the door was pulled open and he beheld the face of a man. This individual wore a rimless cap and was clad in gray. Without so much as a nod to Lassiter, he entered the compartment and took a seat opposite.

Lassiter pretended not to notice him, but at the same time he was taking his measure out of the corners of his eyes.

Once more he was on his journey.

The man coolly lit a pipe and began to enjoy himself. It was gall to the captive.

At last the stranger raised his head and fixed his bead-like orbs upon the Briton.

"Glad to have your company," said he with a smirk.

Lassiter did not reply.

"It will soon be daylight and you can get a view of the country," continued he of the rimless cap. "You are going to Warsaw, I understand?"

To Warsaw! There was that accursed reminder again.

"It matters little where I am going," growled Lassiter. "I don't see any reason for prolonging this conversation."

"Just as you like, sir," responded the man, refilling his pipe. "I shall have the honor of your presence in any event."

Lassiter was sure that his companion belonged to the Austro-German cabal. Suddenly his thoughts took another turn. Could he get rid of this man and make his escape? He had been deprived of his automatic before entering the train and therefore was defenseless. The man was his match in strength and he could see that he was as nimble as a leopard.

The more he thought of his situation the more he resolved to make a desperate effort for freedom. Day would soon dawn and then it might be too late. At last the spy knocked the ashes from his pipe and took a newspaper from his pocket, but Lassiter could see his eyes regarding him over the top of it. Was there no escaping those orbs?

On and on rumbled the heavy train. Lassiter pulled himself together for the supreme effort. All at once he launched himself forward and fell upon the other one like a thunderbolt.

Although not taken wholly unawares, the spy was crushed against the wall and held there despite his strength. Lassiter's face wore a look of desperation as he dug his hands into his adversary's throat and prevented outcry. Not a word was spoken. There was no need of it in an encounter like that. The fuming wretch was choked into insensibility and when at last Lassiter desisted he drew back and flung him to the floor.

"We'll see who is master!" he cried, looking down upon his victim. "I am not going to Warsaw."

He fumbled in the man's pockets and found the key that had unlocked the compartment. The contact of the steel thrilled him.

He rose to his feet and looked out of the little window on his right. He caught a glimpse of a darkened landscape which receded as he gazed. Where he was he did not know, only he knew that the next station must be far away.

This, however, did not deter him, but on the other hand it gave him a thrill of hope. He went to the door and put the key into the lock. The lurching of the train made it difficult for him to keep his feet. At length he opened the door and looked out. The cool wind, disturbed by the flying train, seemed to cut his face like rapiers of ice. Far away a light gleamed and then another and another as though little stars had dropped down upon the earth to shine. Lassiter got all his nerves together. Gritting his teeth he swung himself out upon the narrow step.

It was now or never; it was life or death and death seemed to hold the cards. With one look back at the crumpled thing on the floor the determined Briton lowered his body and then loosened his hold. It seemed to him that he was dropping into bottomless space. Suddenly he came in contact with something, and then consciousness left him.

When he came back to life it seemed as though every bone in his body had been broken. He was lying in a gully at the brink of a river whose waters seemed to mock him in the starlight. At any rate he was no longer on the road to Warsaw.

Lassiter finally picked himself up and looked around. Another turn and he would have fallen into the cold water, which, in all probability, would have finished him.

What to do he did not know. To make himself known at any farmhouse would be to get back into the toils, for he was still on German soil. Getting out of the gully was not difficult, and he soon stood on upper ground, with a ghostly landscape about him. Suddenly voices startled him. The fugitive from the German trap felt his very blood congeal. He was recoiling from the dangerous locality when he was confronted by two stout men who stared at him as though he was a gnome from some mountain cavern. They looked honest to Lassiter and, finding himself discovered, the Englishman advanced.

"I fell from the train," said he. "It was an unlucky accident and I don't know where I am at."

The burghers looked at one another.

"Where were you going?" asked the elder one.

"To Warsaw," smiled Lassiter.

"You're in a pickle sure enough," was the reply. "You are five miles from the village of Povane. It is in that direction," and the speaker pointed away.

"And the trains?" ventured Lassiter.

"There is no Warsaw train any more tonight. But there is a train to Povane."

Lassiter's heart took a bound.

What if he could catch a train to Berlin?

"Is it the Berlin train?" he asked, concealing his solicitude.

"It goes through to Berlin, but it is not a very fast train."

"I'll go to Povane, then," said the Briton, "if you will be kind enough to show me the road."

This was done and, placing some of his coin in the man's hand, Lassiter started off. He had not gone far when a thought sent his blood once more cold through his veins. What if the man whom he had overcome on the express had recovered and sent back a message for the station guard to be on the look out for him?

But a desperate man has no reservations and he must take his chances.

In a few moments he was taking the meandering way to Povane. When the lights of the village came in sight he halted and took counsel of the situation. To show himself at the station might be to lose the game, therefore he advanced cautiously and kept in the dark. Minutes seemed hours to him. But Isobel was his lodestar and he went on, more than desperate in his loneliness. All at once the shriek of a locomotive fell upon his ears. He quickened his steps, dashed into the little station, purchased a ticket for Berln and entered the train. Then he shuddered again. What if the man in the rimless cap was on board?

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE OPERA.

THE crime in the War Minister's carriage did not reach Lassiter's ears till he alighted from the slow-going train in the Royal Station in Berlin. It came to him like a flash of lightning from a clear sky.

Von Roon dead? Killed while he was conveying an important document to the Emperor? Not only slain but plundered of his treasure and the police at fault. He thought of a thousand things. If it was true, Isobel had not secured the secret agreement. Some one else had it, and if the fair Alsatian was thought to have been in the plot she would fall into the grip of the police. He must know more and he dared not go to Isobel's abode. Suddenly he remembered Semkin the perfumer and spy, and hastened cautiously to his establishment.

Thus far he had seen nothing of the man in the rimless cap whom he had left insensible on the floor of the Warsaw Express.

In a short time he was closeted with the Russian.

"Tell me everything," he said when he had made himself known, for Semkin did not at first recognize him in his disordered garments. "Von Roon is dead; I know that."

"As dead as a smelt," grinned Semkin. "The police are in the dark and royalty is disturbed."

"It was the Austro-German agreement that the murderer took, was it not?"

"It was nothing else. What a chance we have missed!"

Lassiter drew a long breath.

"But Mademoiselle declares she will find it."

"Isobel, you mean?"

"Yes."

"She has been here since the tragedy?"

"She has called. It will get her into trouble if she delves into the matter."

"Certainly," assented Lassiter. "But you know her, Semkin."

"A woman of cunning and perfectly fearless," was the reply. "But you?" The perfumer stared at Lassiter's clothes. "You have been through a mill of some kind."

"I have been through the fringe of perdition," grimly answered the Englishman. "They tried to get me to Warsaw——"

"They? Who?"

"Strouse and his gang."

Semkin recoiled in his chair.

"That little rat?" he cried, reddening.

"Yes."

"And Streuve and Darok. I know them all."

"Darok is the giant, is he not?"

"Almost as big as a mountain."

"The very fellow who met me when I went, as I supposed, to meet Vogeler."

"I have no doubt of it; but Strouse was not far away. You may depend upon that."

"I would like to let Isobel know that I am yet out of the lion's jaws."

Semkin glanced at his telephone.

"It will not do to call her up from here," he said. "I can send a messenger."

"Do. Evidently she has missed me and is in a stew. She must know that I am in Berlin."

Lassiter waited while a boy went with a brief note to Isobel's rooms with instructions to deliver it to no one but the Alsatian. He was posted as to the appearance of Strouse and told to avoid such a looking person if he found him at his heels.

"Now," he suddenly said to Semkin, "How much have the police done?"

"They have sweated Von Tuyl, the driver of the war carriage. It resulted in nothing, I hear. He declares that he did not stop after leaving the war office till he reached the palace where it was discovered that Von Roon was dead."

Lassiter stared.

"Then, if there was no stop and Von Roon was alive in the carriage at the start, how and when was he killed?"

The perfumer shrugged his shoulders.

"What puzzles the secret police would certainly puzzle such a numskull as I," he smiled. "I don't believe Von Roon was killed en route—unless Von Tuyl lies."

"Can it have been a case of suicide?" suggested Lassiter.

"A man doesn't rob himself and then take his own life," was the response, accompanied by another shrug.

"That is true."

"It was little Strouse himself who helped Von Roon into the carriage," Semkin continued. "He says the secretary was very much alive when he started."

"I see. And Isobel says she is going to solve this mystery?"

"She is determined to do so, for she wanted the document herself."

"I know she did."

"She had bought Von Roon. She admitted that."

It was all too deep for Lassiter and he ceased to discuss it.

An hour passed before the messenger returned. He reported that the fair Alsatian was not to be found. Her maid said she did not know where she was, at which Lassiter hung his head for a moment.

"Did anybody follow you, boy?" asked Semkin.

"Yes, a big man who looked like a giant."

"That's Darok," the perfumer exclaimed. "I know the Austrian wolf. Some day I hope to have him there," and the Russian thrust out his hand and clinched it.

"I wonder who the man in the rimless cap could have been?" Lassiter mused aloud.

"What was he like?"

The Englishman described his companion in the Warsaw Express.

"Ho! that was Streuve," cried Semkin. "He probably intended to kill you this side of Warsaw, for he is capable of such things."

"Then, by the eternal! I'm sorry I didn't finish him when I had the upper hand," hissed Lassiter.

Fearful of being watched by the Austrian trio, he resolved to remain at Semkin's till dark. Then he would go out and see if he could reach Isobel.

"Do you think she will sing tonight?" he queried when he had made this resolve.

"Why not? Isn't it the very thing she should do?" was the reply.

"I rather think it is."

"By this means she will allay suspicion."

"Do you think Strouse believes her to be the Czar's spy?"

"Strouse is liable to think anything."

"Then I will see her at the opera," and with this Lassiter went back to his speculations.

Night came and he slipped out of Semkin's shop and took himself off. He dared not show up at the Stadt-Weimar nor at any of the cafes he was in the habit of frequenting.

It was a long interval to Lassiter.

He made his way to a second hand clothing shop and secured a disguise calculated to deceive the most suspicious. Then taking a prominent street, he proceeded to the Royal Opera.

Already the great auditorium was filling with the elite of Berlin. It was a dazzling sight, but Lassiter had eyes only for the stage and the private boxes.

He started when Isobel advanced to perform her famous role. She was divine in her glowing beauty and a glow suffused Lassiter's cheeks as he regarded her.

"She's magnificent!" said a voice behind him.

"Womanly perfection," was the response.

"But it's a pity."

Lassiter held his breath.

"How a pity?" asked the second voice.

"That so much beauty can be bought."

Indignation throbbed through the Briton's every vein. He wanted to rise and floor the speaker, to crash his fist against his jaw and then trample him under foot.

"Oh, I don't mean what you think," continued the unseen one. "Mademoiselle Isobel is as pure as the driven snow, but——" He lowered his voice. "She's in the Czar's pay."

"You don't tell me. Then why don't you act?"

There was a little chuckle at Lassiter's back.

"Do you know Mademoiselle Isobel?" queried the second man.

"I'll know her better if my plans carry," was the reply. "Von Roon thought he had captured her, ha, ha!"

"What, the War Minister's secretary?"

"Yes, the fool. But there! she is singing now. She alone is greater than the angelic chorus."

Lassiter had no occasion to look around to see who the main speaker was. He had heard that voice before and there was none like it.

During the rest of the opera he sat like one in a dream. The curtain fell amid thunderous applause, every one on his feet, and the very ceiling trembling with the echo.

Turning slightly he saw the two men leave their seats; but he had eyes only for one. It was Strouse.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONE OF THE THREE.

UPON Isobel's return from her latest triumph at the Royal Opera she was met by Marka, her maid, with the announcement that a message had come for her, but it had not been delivered owing to the bearer's instructions.

The beautiful Alsatian started.

What could have been the import of the message? Was it from Lassiter explaining his strange absence, or was it a warning from some friend?

"It may come again," she tried to assure herself. "If from Burke he will not stop at the messenger's failure to find me."

Meantime in another part of Berlin a little man sat at a table in a cramped room almost bare of furniture. He was Strouse, the Austrian.

He was quite alone and there was a sinister smile on his lips.

Presently footfalls came to his ears and the door opened slowly.

"You?" cried Strouse with a sudden start. "I thought——"

"That I was on my way to Warsaw?"

"Yes."

Streuve grimaced.

"He was as slippery as an eel," he grinned, taking a chair and reaching for the bottle on the table.

"He did not get away, I hope?"

"He did nothing else," growled the other. "He has the strength of a lion."

The words made Strouse wince.

"You needn't tell me how he managed to do it," he said. "I am in no mood for explanations. Where is he now?"

"Back in Berlin perhaps."

"I thought you were capable of taking care of one Englishman."

"So did I," confessed Streuve unwillingly. "I was against the wall before I knew it and his fingers were at my throat. He was desperate, you know. He took my keys and left the train."

"At a station?"

"No, in the open. Of course he may have been killed by the jump, but I have no proof of that."

"Well?"

"When I learned of his escape I took the back track, but he was gone."

Strouse was silent.

"We'll watch for him," he said after a brief pause. "We won't let the trail get very old. I'm glad you got off with a whole skin."

Streuve watched the changing countenance of his companion and presently said:

"They've not found out anything yet?"

"The police? No."

"And I suppose the War Minister is all broken up?"

"He's a wreck, fearing the displeasure of the Emperor and dismissal."

"See here," and Streuve leaned across the table. "Why don't they go after Von Tuyl, who drove the carriage that night?"

"They've put him through the torture more than once. The fellow maintains that he knows nothing."

"I don't believe it," was the reply. "Von Roon was alived when you helped him into the vehicle?"

"Sure he was."

"Then Von Tuyl stopped somewhere along the way and killed him."

"Do you really think so?"

"If he did not, then in the name of heaven, who murdered Von Roon? Von Tuyl must have suspected that Von Roon carried something which he could sell to Russia or to another world power and——"

"And wanted to feather his own nest?"

"Exactly. I'm going after that Jehu."

"But look here. Von Tuyl hasn't gumption enough to negotiate for the sale of a state secret," Strouse said.

"But you don't know who has tampered with him."

"What do you mean?"

"There's the singer."

Strouse leaned back in his chair and looked straight into his comrade's eyes.

"You don't want to insinuate some things," he said fiercely. "Mademoiselle Isobel is supposed to be in the employ of the Czar."

"I've got the proofs," hissed Streuve, "I know you are trying to get into her graces——"

"Beware how you accuse," and Strouse's face grew almost purple. "You mustn't think that I am going over to one of Austria's enemies because she has a pretty face and can sing like a nightingale. I won't stand for anything like that."

Streuve shrugged his shoulders and for a moment looked away.

Our reputation is at stake," he went on when he again looked at little Strouse. "If we fail to find the person who stole the document from Von Roon our occupation's gone. I don't propose to lose it if I can help it."

"Neither do I, but we must go slow."

Half an hour later Streuve left the room and Strouse got up and followed.

Ever since the tragedy of the War Minister's carriage the war department had been in a furore. The loss of the document of so vast an importance was enough to trouble the authorities. What if it should fall into the hands of the Czar? It would reveal the compact and probably plunge all Europe into a war. Already there were signs of trouble on the Servian border and something was liable to break out at any time. The lost agreement, if found soon, would stay the strife, but if it had reached St. Petersburg—then the call to the colors of more than half of Europe and the tramp of thundering legions.

Strouse, as Austria's spy, had the entree into the war department at all hours. He went straight from his own rooms to the building that housed the Minister of War and was soon inside. Finding a certain door which he sought, he knocked and was admitted. As he came forward a man who was reclining on a couch sprang up and greeted him.

"You bring me good news?" cried this personage, who was none other than the War Minister himself.

"I wish I could say as much," answered Strouse, casting his eyes to the floor for a moment.

"The boasted police of the empire have quite lost the scent. It is the crime of the century. We have been robbed of the most momentous secret of the ages."

"Yes."

"It isn't possible that the mystery is unsolvable. The French would have mastered it ere this. But we have no Vidocqs. The more's the pity," and the great man sighed.

"I think we shall come out triumphant," counseled Strouse.

"When? When Nicholas has digested the secret and has marshaled his hordes for an onslaught upon Germany!"

The little Austrian did not speak. What could he say?

"You are offering no reward for the return of the document?" he ventured timidly.

"No. I dare not. That would make me the laughing stock of all Europe; but see here. I will give my whole fortune for it. Fetch it to me—I care not who killed Von Roon—and I'll beggar myself to fill your pockets."

"If I find it I shall ask no reward," answered the Austrian. "I serve my master."

"Why don't you run the gamut of foreign spies?" demanded the War Minister. "Of course the police are doing this, but since you seem to know them all you must put your wits to work in this cause. No secret agent, no matter what his station, must be left unwatched. The trail must lead somewhere."

"All trails do," sententiously commented Strouse.

Once more the little man was on the street. Midnight had passed, but all Berlin was not asleep.

He made his way to the Stadt-Weimar and entered the smoking-room.

A man standing in one corner gave him a look and then left the place. Strouse followed.

"Been waiting for you," said Darok, the giant. "I though you might drop in."

"What is up?"

"Nothing only I've found who killed Von Roon."

(Continued on page eleven.)

A Millionaire Detective

Or, Plumbing the Underworld

By Wilder Anthony

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PART III.

THE MAN HIGHER UP.

HAROLD BURDEN stretched himself and yawned expansively. Then he stood up and crossed the room to a window through which he gazed down into the street. For several minutes, arms crossed behind his back, he frowned abstractedly into the sunny afternoon. At last he seemed to arrive at a sudden conslusion of some sort, for he turned from the window abruptly and touched a button on his desk.

"Tell Fuller I want to see him," he directed the attendant who answered the ring.

When the servant had gone, his employer sat down at the desk and carefully clipped the end from a cigar. He had just lighted this when the door swung inward and a man stepped into the room. He was a short, stockily-built, quietly-dressed fellow, with slim, nervous hands and a rather crafty face. His red hair was cut very short, and he eyed Burden uneasily as though he guessed why he had been summoned and wished he were elsewhere.

"Sit down, Fuller," Burden told him, and when the other had done so, "I see you know what I am going to say. It's strange, your awe of this man, Fuller. He's only human, you know; and you've plenty of nerve in other things. Why don't you look at it in a practical way?"

"I—I wish I could, sir!" Fuller wet his lips. "You see, I know him so well that there ain't any guesswork about it. Even you, Mr. Burden, with all your money an' banks an' such—if 'Dad' Conroy was to know you are against him he'd——"

"Have me murdered, I presume," Burden cheerfully supplied when the other paused. "At least, that is what you and Kelly would have me believe. To tell the truth, however, I'm not much frightened. For one thing, Conroy is not 'wise' to us, as you would put it yourself."

"Not so far as we know, sir," Fuller admitted, grudgingly; "but you can't be no-ways sure. Dad Conroy knows most things, an' it wouldn't surprise me none if he was watchin' us just like we been watchin' him. I was one of his men once, sir, an' I know it don't pay to cross him. Just look what happened to Blumenthal? He tried to double-cross Dad, an' he's dead now."

"Very true, my friend; but Blumenthal was a fool as well as a crook himself. We're working along different lines, and if you and the other boys can get Conroy for me as I have planned you need not worry about the future. My influence is worth something with the district attorney, and I mean to use every ounce of it to put these political grafters where they belong. Once we get our hands on Conroy he'll be as easy to handle as Jenkins was; I already have evidence enough to make him give up, and he's not as all-powerful as you think. Besides, he'll never know you're in it. I'm going to tackle him tonight."

"All right, sir." Fuller did not argue the point, although he looked as if he would like to. In his day the man had been a notorious safe-blower, and he did not lack courage, albeit he was far from sanguine as to the outcome of his employer's present intentions. Much as he admired Burden's skill and audacity, he felt that in the person of Dad Conroy, admitted boss of the city and dictator throughout the State, the young millionaire would catch a tartar. As a former member of one of the gangs which swore allegiance to the boss, Fuller knew something of the methods Conroy employed, and he had seen several good men ruin themselves in fruitless efforts to put him behind bars. Dad Conroy had run the city for so many years that even his enemies admitted his invincibility; the law could not touch him, and it was for this very reason that Burden had begun his crusade. For months, using his vast wealth as a lever, the young reformer had been prying up information, until he now felt himself in a position to attack the boss himself.

Burden nodded encourgement of Fuller's answer, and went on, after a moment's thought.

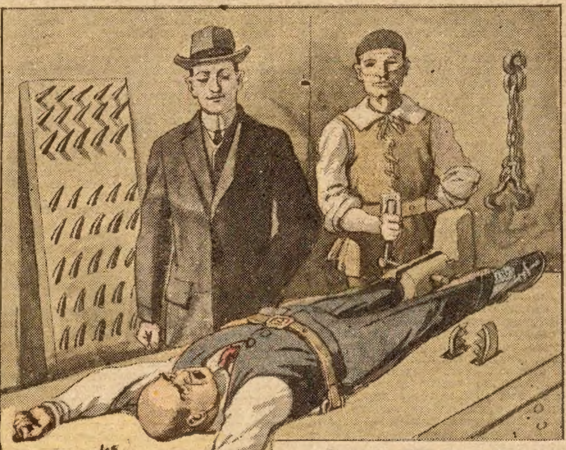
"The first step must be carefully planned and carried out," he said. "You have been spying upon Conroy, and you must know his habits fairly well. What do you suggest as a good way to capture him?"

"Well, sir," Fuller took the plunge gallantly, "it's like this. Dad spends most of his day hours in his private room up above Jim Phelan's. He gets there every mornin' about nine-thirty, an' he don't leave again until somewheres between ten and twelve at night. He lives a good piece up town, an' he usually walks down in the mornin'—tryin' to keep his flesh down, I've heard—but nights he rides home in Pat Clancy's taxicab. He——"

"Do you know this Clancy?" Burden interrupted.

"Yes, sir. I've known him some years. We was together in——" Fuller halted abruptly and his face reddened.

His employer smiled. He might have given a very shrewd guess as to what the ex-yeggman and his friend Clancy had been in together, but he made no comment. It was his way not to be too inquisitive in regard to the past histories of his various assistants; so long as they were faithful in his service he could afford to wink at things which happened before he knew them.



"Take it off!" he moaned.

"That simplifies matters somewhat," Burden declared, when the other paused. "If you know him you can hire his cab for the night on some pretext or other without arousing any suspicion. You drive an auto, so you can impersonate your friend, meet Conroy at the usual place and time and bring him direct to the cellar room instead of taking him home. It will be dark, and he's not apt to notice anything wrong; but I'll have Morrison go with you and stay inside the cab in case of trouble. If you're careful, it will all go very nicely."

Fuller got to his feet. "I hope so, sir," he rejoined. "It sounds easy enough, and I know I can fix Clancy; but I'll be glad when it's over, just the same."

When the man had gone Harold Burden held a short conversation over the telephone with several different persons, then he wrote a note. He had just sealed this and was in the act of lighting a cigarette when his man servant ushered a visitor into the study. Burden smiled cordially.

"You're prompt, as usual, Tom," he commented. "Sit down and we'll chin a bit. I have something important on hand and I want your advice."

Tom Whitmarsh, assistant district attorney—a tall, lean young man with keen eyes, and reputed to be the smartest criminal lawyer in the State—laughed softly as he seated himself and selected a panatela from Burden's humidor.

"Up to your old tricks again, eh?" he chuckled, striking a match. "What is it this time? Are you thinking of adding another ex-convict to your household, or has one of your 'converts' skipped out with the Burden plate? Honestly, Harold, this establishment of yours reminds me of our gallery at headquarters—it is always filled with familiar faces."

"Just the same, you must admit that they have been useful," Burden countered, with a smile. "Don't forget the evidence my men have furnished you in several pretty important cases, Tom. You may laugh at my hobby, but you'll have to confess that it has brought results. Just now I am engaged on the biggest coup of 'em all. I'm going to tackle Dad Conroy tonight."

Whitmarsh paused in the act of taking his cigar from his lips. His training as a lawyer had made him proof against most surprises; but at Burden's last words the bantering expression left his face and he looked at his friend very seriously.

"Dad Conroy," he repeated. "You surpass yourself, Harold. Your hobby, as you call it, has been well enough so long as you confined your attentions to the smaller fry, and I'm not saying that it has not helped me out materially on more than one occasion; but don't let success turn your head. I know something of Conroy; I've fought him for several years, and I must confess that thus far he has had all the best of the tussle. In spite of the fact that we know him to be guilty of a hundred crimes, we've never been able to 'get a thing on him.'"

"Of course not. But the cases are not parallel, Tom. You have always been forced to work in an official capacity, and Conroy has been forewarned against you; he knows of every move you are going to make before you make it, and the lower courts are his playthings. Don't think I underestimate the man. Far from it. I know him for a mighty clever rascal with the powers of a czar; but I am going after him in a different way. He is beyond the law. It's high time justice took hold of him."

"All very true and very fine," Whitmarsh commented, drily. "As one of its exponents, I will admit that the law has its weaknesses; but you are a private citizen, Harold. Even your millions couldn't save you if Dad Conroy knew you were against him. He would brush you out of his path as easily as a horse switches a troublesome fly from its flank."

"Perhaps," vouchsafed Burden; "but you've just mentioned my greatest asset, Tom. Dad Conroy is at this moment in total ignorance of my existence. If he has heard of me at all it is merely as an idle young fellow with more money than brains, and he is entirely unprepared for what I am going to do. My assistants may have been crooks, but they are faithful to their salt; I have chosen them carefully, and I can depend on them. For one reason or another they all hate Conroy as much as they fear him and they will obey orders. You remember what I learned from Jenkins? Well, I have discovered enough since in various ways to make me sure that I can force Conroy to drop his hold on the city. Perhaps we can make him confess enough to enable us to jail him. That all depends on what happens after we get him here."

"Get him here!" the lawyer repeated. "Surely, you don't mean that you will bring him into this house?"

"I surely do," nodded Burden, with a smile at his friend's consternation. "What is more, I have arranged a most unusual reception for him." He briefly sketched his plan for kidnaping the boss, to which the other listened with interest.

At the end, Whitmarsh nodded judicially. "Your plan may succeed," he admitted, "although it is not yet clear to me how you intend to frighten Conroy into a confession. He's neither a fool nor a coward, remember. He'll merely laugh at you."

"He may; but if he does, he is a far stronger man than I take him for," was the grim retort. "You've heard of the Burden collection of ancient armor, etc., Tom? Well, I intend to put it to its first practical use in several centuries. That old collection contains a lot of medieval torture implements. I've had them all oiled up and put in serviceable condition, and I've fitted up a room in my cellar that will compare favorably with any of the old time torture chambers. I'll venture to say that Conroy will receive the jolt of his career when he is taken into it. Of course, I shall not proceed to extremes; but there are cases where the end justifies almost any means, and I assure you that Dad Conroy will find himself before one judge who has not been 'bought' or intimidated.

"I'd like you for a witness, Tom. You can attend as a private citizen, and I will arrange things so that no one will know you're present. I'll hide you where you can see and hear without being seen. If the plan works, you will get the evidence you have wanted for so long."

Whitmarsh grinned. The man in him made it hard for him to conceal his delight at the prospect of such an adventure, although his knowledge of the law warned him that he would be taking part in something perilously close to a misdemeanor. The man conquered.

"I'll do it," he agreed, after a little hesitation. "It's not altogether legal, perhaps, but this is an exceptional case and in a mighty good cause. Conroy has needed a lesson for a long time."

Soon afterward the lawyer took his departure, promising to return later in the evening. When he had gone, Burden, after attending to a few private affairs of minor importance, left the house and went to his club. Here he played billiards for an hour or so; then he dined. He was thinking of going home again to wait for his friend and arrange the final details of the evening's program, when a page informed him that he was wanted on the telephone.

It was Tom Whitmarsh talking, and for once in his life the lawyer seemed to be very much excited. Something of the utmost importance had happened and would Burden please hasten to a certain number of a rather obscure street in the lower end of the city. Almost before the latter had replied in the affirmative, Whitmarsh had left the telephone.

Delaying only long enough to ring up his house and direct Fuller to seize Conroy as arranged and confine him in the cellar room until his return, should he be late, the millionaire hurried out of the club and sprang into a taxi. Fifteen minutes later he descended from the cab in front of the address the lawyer had given him.

The house stood on a corner and was rather better looking than most of its neighbors. The ground floor was brilliantly lighted, and a policeman in uniform stood at the foot of the steps as though on guard. Wondering what could have happened in this peaceful place that could in any way concern either Whitmarsh or himself, Burden nodded to the officer and hastened up the steps. He was evidently expected, for the door opened almost as he reached it, and he was ushered into a narrow hallway by a thin, seedy-looking man with watery eyes.

"Right this way, sir," he directed. "Mr. Whitmarsh is at the back of the house; I'll take you to him."

He led the way along the hall to an open door, where he stepped to one side so that Burden might enter. The latter did so curiously. The room in which he found himself was small and almost square, with two heavily shuttered windows; the walls were a dirty white and bare of any ornament; and the whole was lighted by a cluster of electric bulbs in the ceiling. At the end farthest removed from the door was a plain deal table, in front of which were two chairs and a large brass cuspidor.

Behind the table, with his feet crossed over one corner of it a man was sitting. He was a big man, fat and coarse-featured, with an extremely bald head and a purple neck, which rose out of his low collar in a series of waves. His eyes were small and puff-lidded, but keen as pin points; set close to a thick, red nose, they looked out from under their heavy brows as expressionless as glass beads in a mask. In one hand the colossus held a half-smoked cigar, the other lay outstretched on the table.

When his eyes fell upon this great placid figure, watching him so calmly, Burden caught his breath sharply. Not until that moment had he guessed that the whole thing was a hoax. All the way down town he had puzzled his brain to know why Whitmarsh had sent for him; now he understood, and with understanding came the realization that he had walked voluntarily into the jaws of a trap. With all the sangfroid he could muster at the moment he stepped forward and sat down in one of the chairs.

"Good evening, Mr. Conroy," he said pleasantly.

The boss chuckled, a deep, throaty chuckle which shook his huge body until it looked like jelly. He seemed amused at something, and for a little while he gave full vent to his mirth. Then he sobered suddenly.

"You're a cool one," he remarked, in a hoarse voice. "You act like you expected to find me here and not your friend Whitmarsh. I figured you'd be some surprised when you found out the little trick I played on you to get you here."

"Whi'marsh, Whi'marsh?" Burden repeated, sagging down in his chair and speaking thickly. "Oh, yes! Good ole Tom Whi'marsh. Where's he?" He cocked his head to one side and gazed at the boss owlishly.

Conroy dropped his feet to the floor with a bang and jerked himself upright. For a few seconds he regarded his visitor intently; then he swore beneath his breath.

"Drunk," he muttered, "drunk as a lord. I thought he took it pretty cool, and now I know why; it was just a temporary brace. All my trouble to get him here for nothing. He's just a plain, drunken fool, and Evans had the nerve to tell me he was dangerous.

"Say you, Burden," suddenly changing his tone. He leaned aggressively toward his visitor. "Tom Whitmarsh ain't here right now; but he'll be back again. You knew me, eh? Conroy? Have a smoke?" He held out a long black cigar, which Burden took and unsteadily placed in his mouth.

Dad Conroy watched his unsteady attempts to light it in a mixture of disgust and amusement. He was angry at himself for having gone to all his trouble for nothing. At first, when his spies informed him that Harold Burden had turned informer and was working against him he had laughed at them; he had always looked upon the boy, when he paused to consider him at all, as the idle son of a very wealthy father, and quite harmless. Then the reports of Burden's reform work had become stronger, and the boss had finally consented to inveigle him into an interview in which he hoped to frighten his young opponent into letting the city's business alone. It was entirely by chance that he had picked this particular evening, and he knew nothing whatever of Burden's plan to abduct him. When he found the latter, as he supposed, drunk, his mind instantly reverted to its former conclusion in regard to the callowness of this would-be adversary, and as he watched Burden's antics with the cigar he inwardly cursed himself for a fool. At that moment he was as anxious to get rid of his visitor as an hour ago he had been to see him.

The boss was a shrewd judge of men; but all his shrewdness did not tell him that he was gazing at one of the cleverest amateur actors in the country, and that Burden, under cover of his apparent intoxictaion, was studying him keenly. The second after his entrance into Conroy's den the young reformer had realized that he was in a tight fix and that if he meant to get away that night in time to pull off his intended coup he must use his wits. The role of drunkard, which he had played many times before, instantly occurred to him, and he assumed it with a naturalness which would have deceived any one not well acquainted with him.

Having succeeded at last in lighting his smoke, Burden grinned stupidly at the boss.

"Good ole Dad," he mumbled. "'Course I know you. Yessir! Father of the city an' all that rot.' He gave a maudlin chuckle. "Everybody knows Conroy. He's a good ole sport."

Conroy grinned affably. He had pumped drunken men before, and, since he had Burden alone and in his power he was determined to find out if there was any foundation for the rumors he had heard.

"Sure we're good friends?" he hinted. "I heard you were down on me, Burden; but, of course, it ain't so."

"'Course not!' Burden denied with dignity. "Who ever tole you that, eh? Somebody been lyin' 'bout me—that's what. I wouldn't run down my ole frien' Conroy. No, sir!"

With a disgusted shake of his head the big boss got to his feet.

"Hell!" he exclaimed, as though addressing some third person. "What's the use? The boy's a plain souse. No use wastin' my time with him." He stepped to the door, opened it, and shouted an order out into the hall; then he sat down again.

Presently the seedy individual who had admitted Burden reappeared.

"Take that out of here," husked Conroy, waving his huge arm toward his seemingly half-unconscious visitor. "He's full as a tick, and harmless, anyhow. Put him in a cab, Joe, and then come back and close up. I'm goin' up town—I've wasted too much time here already."

Joe grinned broadly as his filmy eyes took in Burden's condition. "He sure is some pickled," he observed. "I wish I had the half of it. Come, you."

Seizing Burden by the arm, he raised him to his feet and with a deftness that denoted considerable practice, propelled him to the street, where he bundled him into a taxi and ordered the chauffeur to take him up town and drop him anywhere.

An hour later found Harold Burden safe in his own library and chuckling over his adventure with Tom Whitmarsh, who had listened to his story with interest.

"The man is no fool," Burden wound up "I can see that now better than ever. He found out somehow that I was working against him and he lost no time in getting busy. He knew I would not call on him knowingly, so he had some one impersonate you over the telephone. The trick almost got me, too; I was lucky to pull out of it as I did."

"You were, indeed," the lawyer declared. "Conroy might have held you prisoner for days if the notion had come to him. Your idea of playing the fool was good—it fooled him, and not many people can say as much of Dad Conroy. Now, I wonder if he knows enough to keep himself out of our clutches tonight?"

"I don't think so, Tom. He would never have let me go so easily if he had known so much. I heard him tell his man that he was going up town, and I think Kelly and Fuller will nab him. We'll wait and see."

It was nearing midnight when a bell concealed somewhere in the room rang sharply. Burden turned a triumphant glance on his friend.

"That's from the cellar," he explained, "and it means that we have won. Now for the real task. Come this way, Tom."

He led the way to the rear end of the hall and opened a door which disclosed a narrow staircase. At the foot of this another door admitted the two men into a little room, which was empty save for a large cupboard in one corner; at its farther side there was another door.

"They're in the next room," Burden whispered, with a nod toward the closed door, "and when I enter I'll leave the door open enough so that you can see and hear without being seen. You have pencil and paper, Tom; I shall need you as a witness. Now for it."

He crossed the room and swung back the little door, while Whitmarsh backed into an angle of the wall from which, though hidden himself, he could get a clear view of all that took place in the next room.

The Burden "Question Chamber," as its owner sometimes called it in a half-humorous parody on the torture cells of medieval Europe, was a small, almost square room with whitewashed stone walls, no windows, and two thick doors. At one end there was a table and a chair, in the center stood a wooden bench, and piled in the corners or hanging on the walls were various contrivances which would have looked far more appropriate in a dungeon of the Bastille in the fourteenth century than amid their present surroundings.

Persons well-versed in the history of the Middle Ages would have recognized in this grewsome array of implements such well-known "tongue-looseners" as the rack, the brodequin, the knout, and the various pincers and irons which in former times were used alike to convert heretics and punish malefactors. All this hideous armory had been arranged with an eye to impress, each article looked to be in perfect working order. Even "Chick" Morrison, ex-chief and yeggman and a giant in size, whom Burden had appointed to fill the role of torturer, was dressed to the life in a leather suit and red mask.

Seated on the bench, handcuffed and blindfolded, and guarded by Fuller and Kelly, who masked and soberly clad in black sat on either side of him, was Dad Conroy. Just above his head an iron ring had been let into the ceiling, through which ran a rope with a slipnoose at one end. As Harold Burden, wearing his usual business suit and unmasked, entered the room and sat down at the table, Tim Kelly, acting according to a prearranged plan, snatched the blindfold from Conroy's eyes.

For several minutes there was not a sound. Conroy, half blinded by the sudden transition from darkness to blazing light, blinked around him in speechless rage, while the other actors in the drama kept motionless and still as statues. Finally, as the only person whom he could recognize, the boss fastened his gaze on Burden, who sat watching him with all the calmness of a judge.

"So it's you, is it?" gurgled Conroy, passion making his voice almost inarticulate. "Evans was right after all, and I let you go like a fool. What in hell does this mean? Why have I been handled this way? By God, Burden, I'll make you sorry for this! I'll——"

"Softly, Mr. Conroy," Burden quietly interrupted, when the boss seemed about to strangle with rage. "This is no time to threaten—you had your turn, now I shall have mine. Your men were right: I was after you and now I've got you. Look around a little. Take stock of your surroundings, man! You have been brought here for a purpose, by men who will show you no mercy. Right here and now, Dad Conroy, you are going to be judged and made to answer for your crimes."

At the end of this little speech, which Burden had delivered in an exceedingly solemn tone, as though he were in truth a judge upon the bench, Conroy surged violently at his bounds and tried to stand up. Upon being grasped by his guards, however, he ceased his struggles and burst into a whirlwind of profanity, which proclaimed him a master of the art. Finding that nobody took the least notice of his paroxysms and becoming short of breath, he finally stopped swearing and again fixed his raging little eyes on Burden.

"You —— fool!" he exclaimed. "What do you take me for—a kid? Do you think I'll answer your fool questions and submit to your judgment? This ain't the Middle Ages—it's up-to-date America, and I haven't done a thing the law can touch me for."

"I do not represent the law," Burden retorted calmly. "I represent justice, something that even your influence can not control. Your sun has set, Conroy. For a long time you're been running things in this city and State with a high hand. Some of us are tired of crime—we'd like to know that we can go out after nightfall without a good chance of being knocked on the head. We'd like to know, too, that if we call on a policeman for protection he will help us and not assist the criminal assaulting us. It's high time, Conroy, that you were brought to trial and since the courts can not do this it is left for a mere private citizen like myself to step into the breach. I shall ask you several questions tonight. One is this: Who shot Sam Blumenthal?"

Conroy, who had gradually been gaining control of himself as the other talked, leered cunningly.

"You'd like to know, wouldn't you?" he grunted, easing his position on the bench, "but why ask me? The police have got the men that did it; and I wouldn't tell you if I knew."

"Is that your final answer?" Burden demanded peremptorily, in a solemn voice.

The boss nodded insultingly. He was almost enjoying himself now. The thought of what he would do to this upstart when he got free was so comforting that he almost forgot his predicament.

"You bet it is," he answered.

"Then I am sorry for you. I hate violence; but I must do what I believe to be my duty." Burden turned to Morrison, who until now had remained grim and motionless against the wall. "You may proceed with your work," he said.

"Very good, your honor." Morrison stepped forward. "What shall I begin with?"

Burden hesitated a moment. "With the brodequin," he answered, at last.

Morrison began to rummage about among his hideous tools, while Kelly and Fuller turned up the right leg of Conroy's trousers and removed his shoe and sock. As the men lay hands upon him and he heard the clanking of irons, the boss started convulsively and tried to resist. His ruddy face went pale and he swore horribly as the heavy, wooden boot with its iron clamps was forced on to his bare foot and strapped securely.

"Take that off!" he foamed, trying madly, bound as he was, to rise to his feet. "Curse you all! I'll send you up for ten years if you lay a hand on me."

At a sign from Burden the three men replaced him on the bench and fastened him there with the rope which hung down from the ring.

"For the last time, will you answer my question?" Burden asked patiently.

"I'll see you skinned first!"

As the words left Conroy's lips, Morrison began to deliberately turn the screw in the back of the boot. The brodequin tightened on the foot inside it like the jaws of a vise. For a few seconds there was a terrible silence, broken only by the creaking of the screw; then the prisoner gave vent to a horrible yell.

"Take it off," he moaned. "I'll confess! Everything!"

"Who killed Blumenthal?" Burden asked, still inexorable in his purpose.

"Jack Peters and 'White' Charley by my orders," Conroy replied; and Tom Whitmarsh, who was listening intently, wrote it down, as he did the answers to a dozen other questions which Burden asked.

When the brodequin was removed Burden went forward and examined Conroy's foot still twitching with pain.

"That's not so bad," he remarked. "You cried out in time. Barring a little muscular soreness, that leg will be as good as the other in a few hours. You are at liberty to go when you choose. My men will blindfold you and take you to a cab and you can do as you wish from then on. The confession you have just made will be put in the hands of the district-attorney immediately. Then stripes for you! Goodnight!"

The End.

* * *

Naming the Baby.

"If I were you," said Deininger to his wife, "I would have nothing to do with the naming of Tilly's baby. Let the parents do it. Don't suggest anything. But if you feel that you must make a suggestion, at least refrain from suggesting a long name, anyway, or a pretty name, or a name out of a novel, or an explanation name.

"Of all these I have mentioned, perhaps the explanation name is the most objectionable. To have a name that can't be mentioned to anybody for the first time without an explanation is the hight of abomination.

"Think of having to say again and again: 'His name is Zedrick; No, is isn't a family name and we didn't get it out of a book. In fact, we have no excuse for it, no rich uncle or anything, but we just thought it was a nice name—yes, we invented it ourselves for the occasion. Certainly, it's an odd name—we chose it because his father likes odd names. Maybe it does sound a little like a mountain or a Pullman car, but it isn't.'

"By the time a parent has said that nine million times he or she will be so worn out as to wish the baby had been named Pete, Pat, or John.

"No one has to explain Pete, Pat or John. People never give a whoop whomsoever a fellow named John may be named for, or where his parents got the name.

"Family names are a nuisance, too. If you think that by naming your boy Gareth, you can get people to ask you if it is a family name and so give you an opportunity to narrate the glories of the Gareth family you are mistaken. If people know you have named the boy so that you can brag about your folks they'll never ask a thing. They'll assume that you named him for a book hero and let it go at that.

"By giving a boy a name that people will admire you can make him popular. I once made a dog the most popular dog in town by naming him 'Credit.' No one had heard of a dog named 'Credit' before, and every one was constantly calling to the dog on account of the cuteness of his name.

"It made many people who were strangers to the dog think that somehow the man who called him 'Credit' was very witty.

"Any one could say, 'Here, Credit!' and make a great hit with people who had never seen it done before.

"How in Sam Hill any one ever came to give the beast such a name does, of course, call for an explanation, but it is the sort of explanation that need never be made. One can merely look wise and say nothing, and people will think there is some reason too deep for utterance. To be able to give a dog a name like that and stay out of the booby hatch is as pround a feat as going over Niagara Falls in a barrel."

* * *

The King's Fault.

In the reign of Francis I. of France, quickness of wit was often more promptly rewarded than actual merit. The monk, Regnier Mainus, did not lack merit, but he owed his first advancement, nevertheless, to a clever retort.

Francis, who was very fond of the game of tennis, was playing a match one day with Mainus. The monk finally ended the hard-fought game with a brilliant stroke.

The King was somewhat out of humor on account of his defeat. "Remarkable," he exclaimed, sarcastically, "to think that such a stroke should be made by a mere monk!"

"But, sire," replied the monk, who was as quick with his wit as he was with his racquet, "it is your majesty's own fault that the stroke was not made by an abbot."

A week later Mainus received his appointment as Abbot of Beaulieu.

* * *

BUSY DOCTOR

Sometimes Overlooks a Point.

The physician is such a busy man that he sometimes overlooks a valuable point to which his attention may be called by an intelligent patient who is a thinker.

"About a year ago my attention was called to Grape-Nuts by one of my patients," an Ohio physician writes.

"At the time my own health was bad and I was pretty well run down but I saw at once that the theories behind Grape-Nuts were sound and that if the food was all that was claimed it was a perfect food.

"So I commenced to use Grape-Nuts with cream twice a day and in a short time I began to improve in every way and I am now much stronger, feel better and weigh more than ever before in my life.

"I know that all of this good is due to Grape-Nuts and I am firmly convinced that the claims made for the food are true.

"I have recommended, and still recommend, Grape-Nuts to a great many of my patients with splendid results, and in some cases the improvement of patients on this fine food has been wonderful.

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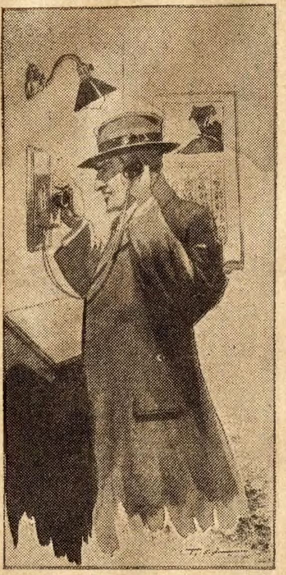

"Sorry to give you a thrill!"

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIFTH FLOOR APARTMENT.

THE night was slipping away fast.

Still old Fox Slavin had good reason to feel that he had not wasted any time in carrying out his little side issue.

It must have been an inspiration that beckoned him in the direction of the Throgmorton home, while on his way up to the address given by the proprietor of the cheap hotel where formerly Pillsbury had put up.

Former suspicions, which had been founded on a rather flimsy basis, had been wonderfully strengthened, until now he had not the slightest doubt in the world as to what the answer to the riddle concerning Billie must be. Love of a girl, and a yearning for riches made a combination hard to beat, and one that had certainly urged Hollis Sutcliffe to do his best. His fond uncle had said the young chap was well fitted to be a diplomat. This man, who knew to what end such talents, wrongfully applied, must always lead a clever rascal, believed it was only a question of time before the genius of Hollis Sutcliffe would land him behind the bars, charged with some grave crime.

Once upon the street, Old Slavin continued his way up the nearby avenue. He had to turn the other way in his search for the number given him by the accommodating hotelkeeper who had been twice paid. Heading toward the North River he walked along until he came to the number. It was an apartment house, one of the sort where one can rent a suite of rooms furnished at so much per week, and all found. Stepping into the vestibule he struck a match and took a look at the names on the letter boxes. When he discovered the one he sought he smiled.

Was there any sign of crepe on the bell connected with that suite of rooms? If so as keen eyes as those of the detective failed to discover it.

He pressed the button.

Ordinarily it is the habit of the tenant upon being thus summoned, to open the lower door from his eyrie above, and allow the visitor to ascend the stairs.

Cunning thieves often take advantage of this settled rule, in order to gain admittance to a building.

After ringing three times and meeting with no response, Old Slavin gave it up as a bad job. Either the inmate of the apartment must be out, or else dead. It would seem to be up to him now to depart, but that was far from his thoughts. He opened the outer door of the building almost like magic, having always the means for doing so on his person. His next move was to ascend the stairs quietly, yet without seeming to show signs of stealth. Possibly many of the tenants, especially if they happened to be young men like Pillsbury, were wont to come in at any hour of the night, and not always softly, either.

Now he was on the fifth floor. This was where, according to the name on the letterbox below, the party he sought stopped. There was a door on either side, and each led into the private hall of a separate apartment. A mistake might cause endless trouble, not to speak of such danger as might come from reckless shooting on the part of an awakened tenant, who might believe burglars were seeking to loot his home.

Hence Allen Slavin wished to make haste slowly. He pressed his ear carefully against the doors in turn, and applied his wonderful hearing faculties to some purpose. In this fashion he learned that there were sleepers in the suite of rooms on the left; while that on the right seemed to be devoid of human occupants, unless, as Annesley had said to Billie, a dead man lay there.

He proceeded to gain admittance. It was no trouble whatever to an experienced hand like the detective, who, in the course of his eventful life had many times to learn all the tricks of crooks in order to meet them successfully on their own ground. Once he was inside he had access to the entire apartment.

Using an occasional match he went through the entire suite of four rooms. And no doubt he was tremendously relieved not to stumble across a corpse somewhere; though, for that matter, his face expressed more of amusement than concern when the survey had been completed.

Why had Henry Pillsbury taken such a flat? It was all arranged for housekeeping; which might mean that the young fellow was thinking of getting married very soon. Then, if Annesley told the truth, the poor girl would be a widow before she was even a wife.

Having thus scoured the entire place Slavin finally settled down in the room he had first entered. He even managed to conceal himself behind a closet door, as though he expected some one to arrive sooner or later, and it was not a part of his plan that his presence should be immediately discovered.

Was he waiting to welcome the body of poor Henry Pillsbury, when it was brought home from the hospital, where the wounded man must have been taken after his accident, since he was not at home? At any rate he seemed to be quite positive that the cozy little apartment would not long go begging for an occupant.

Perhaps half an hour crept by. Old Slavin had remained quiet, hardly moving in his hiding place back of the closet door. Twice he had known that some one was ascending the stairs of the building,, for that subtle sense of hearing betrayed the fact to him.

In both instances, however, the late arrival must have entered some other apartment, for no one came to the door of the one in which he stood guard.

Still he did not lose confidence one iota. The persistence of this man was beyond that of the Siberian wolf, that follows after its intended prey hours, yes, even days' but eventually crowns its long chase with success.

When another half hour had finally crept by, again he knew that some one had entered below.

It may have been a draught of air when the door leading to the street was opened. Then again it may have been an incomprehensible instinct that told him.

Footsteps!

Yes, he had been absolutely correct, then. Some person had come into the building, and was even now ascending the stairs. He arrived at the first landing, after which there was a brief respite, while he passed around to the next flight. Then again came the low thud of feet.

"At any rate he is not drunk," the listening detective whispered to himself.

How he could tell that, with the footsteps but a faint percussion on the stairs, it would be difficult to say; but long practice had sharpened in him all the faculties that in the ordinary man lie dormant, until they could be made to perform their duties in a fashion next door to necromancy.

Now the new arrival was starting on the third flight of stairs. That would bring him to the fourth floor. Ah! better luck, he was moving along to the next flight, for no click of a door announced his plunging into one of the fourth floor apartments. Yes, he was ascending the last series of stairs, for the building was only five stories high. Old Slavin waited. He was like a sleep spider crouched in his web and expecting the coming of a fly.

Ah! a key rattled in the lock. The hall was almost dark, and possibly the tenant had not yet become accustomed to finding the elusive keyhole, especially when returning at such a suggestive hour. Now the door opened, and was immediately closed, none to softly. Whoever it was entering, he seemed to care precious little whether he annoyed the early sleepers in the building or not. If they did not like it they could get themselves to a nunnery and find perpetual quiet.

Slavin could hear him fumbling around for something, and this must have been the switch connected with the electric light, for presently a flood of dazzling light filled the room.

Looking cautiously out from his place of concealment the detective found himself observing a young man, whose flushed face told that he had been indulging in more or less champagne, though he had been wise enough to break away before it got the better of him.

And somehow Slavin realized that he was undergoing an experience which few mortals ever enjoyed; since he was actually observing the resurrection of a fellow, who, according to that apostle of truth, Brutus Annesley, was as dead as Julius Caesar.

For he knew that this was Henry Pillsbury, upon whose mortal remains the coroner would sit on the morrow!

CHAPTER XV.

BEHIND THE CLOSET DOOR.

ONE thing was already manifest to Old Slavin, Annesley had lied! The loyal friend, who was so much concerned about the welfare of poor Billie, had certainly stretched things to the limit when he so solemnly declared that the injured man, Henry Pillsbury, had finally succumbed to his injuries, after many hours suffering.

His object? There could be but one, and this man with the keen vision had suspected it from the start. Annesley—Pillsbury—Skidoo Charley—they were all part and parcel of a villainous conspiracy. And the detective felt absolutely positive that he could place his finger on the central figure, around which these lesser lights revolved.

Sutcliffe!

The man who had at least two strong reasons for wishing trouble and Billie Throgmorton to sit down at the same table together. If he could only cause Billie to flee from his native shores, under the impression that he had stained his reckless hand in the blood of a fellow human being, would not his end have been accomplished? It most certainly seemed so. The father would turn against his son, and make the fawning nephew his sole heir. Even the affection of a devoted girl might change to loathing toward one so unworthy, and the clever actor could perhaps catch a heart in the rebound. Such things had been done many times in the past, and would be again.

Of course the concealed detective was intensely interested in watching the actions of the man who refused to stay dead according to program. Pillsbury had doubtless spent a royal evening. For once he was flush of cash, and no longer felt the pinching hand of poverty. He had just imbibed enough to make him feel at peace with all the world; and did not envy the crowned heads of Europe just then. After having thrown off his coat, and assumed a smoking jacket, he proceeded to light a cigarette; and lying back at ease in a chair, commenced to stare up at the ceiling, and smile. Doubtless his thoughts were pleasant ones, for he chuckled several times.

The watcher was in the meantime lay-

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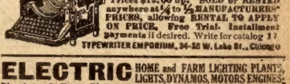

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ing a few little plans of his own, looking to the moment when he should enter upon the orbit of Henry, and startle him out of his serenity.

All this was changed, however, and in a way Slavin had not calculated upon. There was a sudden whirring sound. Why, to be sure, a telephone bell! Every apartment in this modern building possessed such a luxury, and Slavin had himself noted the fact on first entering. Of course it was a strange hour for a call; but then the telephone never sleeps, for a hurried demand for the doctor's attendance is always reckoned a part of the system.

"Hello! I wonder who the devil that is?"

Pillsbury got up out of his chair, laid his tiny smoke carefully on the edge of the table, and then passed across the room to the place where the instrument hung on the wall, it being one of the old fashioned sort. And by chance it was within three feet of the closet, behind the door of which the listener crouched!

Old Slavin himself became quite curious to know who could be calling Pillsbury at this hour of the night. Of course, if he were really a dead one, between twelve and one might be deemed a fitting time for holding spiritual converse with the departed. But Henry was speaking now.

"Hello! there!"

"That you, Hen?"

Some people seem to have voices that carry over the wire with a peculiar volume, so that although they speak in their natural tone, every word they say can be distinctly heard across the room where the receiver is situated. Apparently the speaker at the other end of the line was one of these, and for that favor the listening detective mentally gave thanks.

"Sure it is," Pillsbury answered, toning down his own voice in order that it might not carry beyond the confines of his apartment. For neighbors have ears, and one does not wish to take every one into his confidence; especially when he has been cheating the Grim Reaper, as Henry had recently been doing.

"How are you feeling, for a dead man?"

"Particularly fine; and I don't care how often I have to cross over the river Styx with Charon, in his old boat, so long as it brings me the good things of life."

"Nothing happened to you since I saw you?"

"Lots; but nothing you would care to know. What's your worry, that you call me up now?"

"Tried to get you a while back, but it was no go, and I knew of course you were out with the boys. Thought I'd try again just before dropping off to bed. Glad to get you this time."

"Why?"

"You remember Bickerhoff?"

"Well, rather, when it was in his place I got my death hurt. Has he blown-up on us?" anxiously.

"Oh, rats! no. But a short time after I got home tonight he had me on the wire."

"Wanting another divvy of the goods?"

"You're away off again. Bickerhoff is a man of his word, if some people I know are not. He named his price for helping out, and through thick and thin he'll stick to us. He wanted to warn me."

"What's that—warn you? Of what?"

There was a note of alarm in Henry's voice now, proving that even souls that have made the voyage to the Land of Shadows, and come back, may feel such a very human sensation as fear.

"Why, as near as I could make out, for you know he has a thick voice and it's hard to understand all he says over over the wire, it stands in this way. Somebody is infernally interested in you!"

"In me?"

"Exactly. An unknown party, apparently middle-aged, and smiling, came into the club early in the evening, and watched operations. He pretended to have an inclination to join. Suddenly he asked Bick how you were getting on."

"The dickens you say!"

"Of course Bick pretended to know nothing; but he says his suspicions were aroused by the man's actions."

"What else happened? You've got me waked up now, all right, Annesley."

"Happening to look around presently, Bick saw the man examining his members list in his book!"

"Gee! that sounds woolly to me! Yes, go on!"

"When he sneaked up behind he discovered that the man was looking at your name and address!"

"He was, was he? Did he claim to be a friend of mine? What did Bickerhoff do then?"

"Ordered him out of the place, and the party went, smiling in his face. Bickerhoff believes he must have read your old address, and perhaps set out to find you."

"Say, I don't like this one bit, Annesley."

"But he won't find you there, so what need of your worrying? I followed our sucker to the steamer, and by three o'clock he'll be on the way across. Once he is out of the country you can breathe easy. By the way, I hope you didn't leave any clew at the old place, so that you could be traced?"

"That's where I was silly, for I'm afraid I did."

Annesley actually swore at that.

"What fool play did you stand for? Three to one you gave the hotel-keeper an address to which he was to send your trunk?"

"Just what I did. You see it never occurred to me we had to think of anybody but Billie; and he was too rotten scared to do anything."

"I'm sorry; though if he's gone, it may not matter much. You wouldn't take my advice, and keep under cover a few days, while you were supposed to be dead."

"How could you expect me to, when I was flush for the first time in a year? But see here, what's your idea of this fellow—who is he?"

"I've been thinking for two hours about him."

"Yes."

"When I came down in the elevator from Billie's room tonight, after giving him the thousand, and a little disguise he could wear, I noticed a middle-aged man looking at me curiously. He answers the description given by Bick to a dot, and I bet it was the same fellow."

"You give me a cold creep, Annesley. What under the sun could he want to watch you for?"

"There's only one explanation that I can get hold of. Some smart newspaper has got wise to the fact that you and Billie had a biffing match the other night; and this reporter is trying to learn the facts so that he can write up a story for his sheet."

"But they must know that I ain't dead; because I've been around, just the same as usual. That don't seem to fit in just top-notch, old boy?"

"Yes, just as you say, there does seem to be a screw loose somewhere; but it's the only answer I can give to the puzzle, unless——"

"What?"

"He might have been a detective."

"Wow! now you are giving it to me. Pretty soon, perhaps I'll be wishing I'd remained dead, and never come back to this cold world. What would a detective want, meddling in this game?"

"Someboy might have set him on."

"Not Billie?"

"Well, I guess not. He's all gone to pieces, and shivers if anybody touches him on the shoulder; for he thinks it is the stern hand of the law stretching out to nail him."

"Well, there is the girl!"

"Good Heavens! do you think that she would hunt up a detective, and put him on the track?"

Pillsbury had his handkerchief in his hand now, and was mopping his forehead; yet the man in hiding did not find the heat at all oppressive.

"That's just what I can't say. You never do know what a woman will do. Billie wrote to her, for he showed me the letter. You see I was afraid he might give the thing away to her, and I pretended to advise him. But he left it all blank, simply saying that he was unworthy of her, and meant to leave the country to hide his shame."

"That's where you made a mistake, Annesley. I'm not the only one to blame. He ought never to have written her until across the big pond. By that time things would have been accomplished."

"Perhaps. But there's only one thing for you to do now. You've got to disappear, and let rumors go out that you were seriously hurt after all the other night. We'll circulate dismal stories that are bound to keep people guessing."

"Well, if you say so, I suppose I'll have to. Tell me what to do, Annesley."

"Leave your place before morning. Act as though you were getting silly, and complain of your head, if you happen to see an elevator attendant. Then meet me at that room I have in Forty-second street. I'll fix you up with a plan that will hold water. Get that, Hen?"

"Yes. I'll carry it out to the letter; because if there's a detective ringing in on the deal I want to fight shy of him. I never counted on that sort of experience when I consented to take a hand in this exciting little game."

"Remember, I'll look for you at my den!"

"And I'll be there without fail. Good-by!"

Slavin heard Annesley, seated in the library of his father's home, ring off. Then Pillsbury, with a long-drawn breath, turned away from the phone. But when he so positively declared that he would keep his appointment with Annesley in the early morning, he counted without his host.

For, as he wheeled to head once more toward the table and his chair, he made a terrible discovery that caused his very blood to run cold.

The closet door was slowly but surely opening, pushed by an unseen hand!

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CHAIN BREAKS.

OF COURSE, Old Fox Slavin was doing this for a purpose. He knew that he was dealing with a coward, and it was his design to frighten Pillsbury to the limit, so that he could the more easily bend him to his will. For in the man who was supposed to be dead he realized that he had his expected witness, who would willingly turn upon his employer when threatened with arrest. Pillsbury continued to stare at that moving closet door, as though his eyes were held by a magnet.

Finally it was pushed completely aside, and he saw the figure of a man standing there, a man who was looking at him with a frown on his face, and a stern gleam in his accusing eyes. And the guilty heart of Pillsbury realized instantly that Annesley's friendly warning had after all arrived too late; for without a doubt this intruder in his rooms must be the very party of whom Bickerhoff had spoken.

"W——who are you?"

Pillsbury managed to say these three words, although his voice was so husky with fear that they were hardly spoken above a whisper.

"I am a detective, and they call me Old Fox Slavin!" replied the other, solemnly.

"But what do you want here in my rooms?"

"I have come to arrest you, Henry Pillsbury!"

"Great Heavens! then you know—what is the charge against me, sir?"

"Taking money under false pretenses might fill the bill, for you were paid to play dead, and declined to carry out the agreement. **But the real charge is conspiracy!"**

"Oh! you know it all, then!" gasped the other, trying to control his trembling limbs.

"What may have been lacking I heard just now over the wire from Brutus Annesley. And unless you feel like spending a few years of your life behind the bars, you'll turn State's evidence, and confess the whole miserable game."

Pillsbury dropped into a chair, being really too weak to stand longer.

He was a pitiable sight, with his eyes filled by the absolute terror of the evil-doer finally overtaken by the error of his ways, and facing the disgrace of prison.

"Will you promise to let me off if I confess the whole business?" he quavered.

Of course the old detective felt only aversion for the coward; but then he could not afford to decline so easy a chance to bring the chief offender to the end of his rope. It happens that frequently men who hunt their fellows must take advantage of a craven spirit to gain their ends.

"Yes, I will do that much, provided you agree to face Annesley and his chief in my company, and openly confess your share in this nasty business."

"Glory! I'm between the devil and the deep sea. If I do that they'll nearly kill me for turning traitor, and if I don't you promise to make it hot for me!"

The grim face above him relaxed not a particle.

"You will certainly go from here to a cell, and in the morning the papers will have your name in big type as having been arrested, charged with blackmail!"

"Oh! I'm going to serve you, all right, sir. When a poor devil has to choose between two evils he's likely to take the lesser one. And if they get sent up for a term they won't be able to take it out on me."

"Now, Pillsbury, I'm going to sit down here with you, and I want you to tell me the whole story, from the time the idea was first broached to you."

"But I don't know everything. I'm only an humble agent, and all I had to do was to pretend to die, after I had been struck by Billie."

"All right. Tell me what you do know. When did you first talk this thing over, and with whom?"

"Annesley sounded me first. He knew I was hard up and in great need of funds. So he told me he knew how I could make a cool thousand and have some fun at the same time."

"You bit at the bait?"

"Well, who wouldn't, when everywhere hands were stretched out, and demanding cash? I told him I was on. Then he explained the game, without mentioning names."

"Leading you on, step by step. You took his money as a retainer. After that he mentioned who it was at the head of the conspiracy, and the name of the poor fellow who was to be knocked down?"

"Yes. You see, Billie and me never got on well together. Fact is, we had more than one little scrap. So it wasn't just as bad as if he had been a good friend of mine, was it?"

"Well, if you can get any consolation out of that, you're welcome to it. No, it might have been more cowardly, perhaps. When did you meet Hollis Sutcliffe?"

Pillsbury stirred uneasily, as though the very mention of that name gave him cause for alarm.

"The very next day. We talked the thing over then, and began to arrange details."

"By degrees you took an interest in your part?"

"Why, yes, because it struck me as comical that I should pretend to be badly injured, and finally kick the bucket, just to please Billie. It was like getting back at him for something he had done to me."

"Of course the blood that seemed to cover your face was a fake; he never

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The treatment is varied and many remedies have been tried without success. Rest is the best thing for the trouble, and the more profound it is, the better, and if possible have the limb encased in a splint, so as to prevent any motion. The pain is the most important thing to relieve. Counter irritants, mustard plasters, iodine, etc., have been tried with more or less temporary benefit. Cold applications have proven of value. However, I have found Anti-kamnia Tablets to give the most prompt and lasting relief. Two A-K tablets every three hours is the dose which has proven satisfactory in the most severe cases." These tablets may be obtained at all druggists. Ask for A-K Tablets. They are unexcelled for headaches, neuralgia, and all pains.

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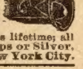

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struck you with the butt end of the billiard cue, as he was led to believe?"

"I should say not. Billie is no baby, and I'd hate to stand up and let him knock me on the coco with a twenty-one ounce cue. It was cleverly managed; and when he looked down at me he really thought he had in a rage struck me."

"You never considered the terrible agony of mind of the poor fellow?"

"No, I didn't. I kept seeing that five hundred, and all the good things it would bring me. But since then I admit that my conscience has pricked me some."

"Your conscience! I rather imagine it would take a pretty good magnifying glass to find such a think in your make-up, Pillsbury. You mistook a growing fear of results for conscience."

Old Slavin could not resist giving the craven this one little knock, since he had only contempt for him.

Pillsbury writhed under the lash, showing that he could at least feel keenly his position; for he had good family connections, and up to now had managed to avoid any unpleasant publicity in connection with his name.

"Please don't kick me when I'm down. I know I'm a toad, and that it was a dirty trick to play on Throgmorton. And I'll do whatever you say to bring him out of the hole we put him in. But unless you hurry about it Billie will have sailed for the other side."

"No fear of that. He only pretended to go. After Annesley left the steamer Billie slipped ashore to play his part in the wrecking of the conspiracy against his happiness."

"You're a wizard, sir!" exclaimed the astonished plotter.

"Oh! no, only an ordinary detective, up against a lot of bunglers in crime. The chief villain certainly laid out a series of wonderful operations; but the trouble was he only had amateurs to play the parts. And so the game fell through."

"But just as I said, the one mistake made was when Annesley allowed Billie to write to the girl?"

Old Slavin smiled grimly.

"That is where you are right, Henry. If she had not received that very mysterious letter she would never have thought of calling on me, as an old friend of the family, and capable of giving advice. And in that event there was a fair chance of the despicable plot carrying through; for Billie had fallen into the pit, and was like putty in Annesley's treacherous hands."

"Will they go to prison for it, sir?"

"Never mind about that. It is your business to stay with me the balance of the night, and in the morning I will give you something to do that will balance the favor of your getting off scot free."

"Just as you say, sir. I'm in the soup, it seems, and can't help myself any more than the fly."

"Very good. Get ready to accompany me, then."

"Not to the station, I hope?" anxiously.

"To my house, where you will pass the balance of the night. You see, I don't like to trust such a changeable person as you, out of my sight, when so much depends on him."

"I reckon I deserve all that, sir, for I have been a scoundrel."

"And will be again, Pillsbury; because there is no sign of repentance in your heart. You think you are sorry, but in reality you're only afraid of exposure, and perhaps a prison sentence for conspiracy. Get your hat and come along with me."

Henry obeyed. Indeed, he had no other alternative, and must make a virtue of necessity.

Of course Slavin knew that he now virtually had the whole game in his hands, and could lay out a little striking scene with which to close the deal.

He liked to wind up a case in a little blaze of dramatic fervor; and it would please him to see what the chief plotter looked like when he saw his carefully planned structure tottering for a fall.

And so when he left the apartments of Pillsbury, that humbled young man kept pace with his long strides.

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* * *

Not the Right Spirit

(Scene: The Higgins family at dinner.)

Nellie Higgins (aged 10, running in breathless)—"Oh, ma, I couldn't get home sooner 'cause we had such a jolly time. Teacher says we're to bring just whatever we want to give, and we must take it to the church tonight, so the baskets can be made up—we can bring just what we want—money or things to eat."

Ma Higgins—"Well, I must say I think they put a great deal of responsibility on young children—asking them to settle such serious matters."

Nellie Higgins—"Jennie Combs is just going to bring money. She says she'd rather give fifty cents and have the whole thing off her mind. I could do that, too, but pa won't give me the money, I know."

Pa Higgins—"What's that? You want more money? It's got so that I can't eat a meal of victuals in this house without some one harping on the money question."

Ma Higgins—"Oh, we don't harp on things half as much as some people I could name."

Nellie Higgins—"But, pa, teacher says each one is to bring just one thing, and ——"

Pa Higgins—"One thing for what?"

Nellie Higgins—"For the poor—the baskets for the poor."

Pa Higgins—"I declare to goodness, this poor racket is being worked to a frazzle! When it isn't the holiday poor it's the Thanksgiving poor or the spring poor or hot weather poor."

Ma Higgins—"I don't think it's right for a man to talk that way before his children."

Pa Higgins—"Talk what way, Eliza Higgins? Haven't I as much right to my opinion as the preacher? I'd like to know if I haven't. My hands are in my pockets eternally from morning till night."

Nellie Higgins—"But, pa, I've got to bring something—they're all to meet and fill the baskets tonight."

Pa Higgins—"Well, don't ask me for money—take some of those potatoes down cellar—that's good enough for any one."

Ma Higgins—"No, don't take potatoes, take a loaf of bread."

Nellie Higgins—"But we mustn't take bread or potatoes."

Pa Higgins—"Why, I'd like to know?"

Nellie Higgins—"'Cause teacher says the poor always have bread and potatoes, and we——"

Pa Higgins—"Oh, they have, have they? Much she knows about it! Did she ever see the bread line? Do those fellows have potatoes? Wouldn't they be glad to get potatoes once in awhile?"

Ma Higgins—"It does seem to me they're drawing the line pretty fine. Pass the cream. It's that Mrs. Johnson that's running this thing—her charity is alweys so obvious. I left the society on her account."

Nellie Higgins—"I could give one of those pumpkin pies in the pantry."

Ma Higgins—"Well, I should say not! After all the trouble I've had to make them. Anyway, I'll need them all for our own dinner. I want to show your father's sister that a city woman can cook as well as your father's sister can when she puts her mind to it. Now, I think some cranberries would be nice to take."

Nellie Higgins—"But Mr. Jameson said not to bring cranberries unless we brought the sugar to cook with them."

Pa Higgins—"Talk about the preaching business! Now, I never say anything against anyone, but it seems as if a man's meddling in pretty small things when he tries to plan the kitchen affairs and——"

Nellie Higgins—"Well, then, can I have fifty cents to give?"

Pa Higgins—"Fifty cents! Fifty cents! Churches aren't what they used to be. When I was a kid the contribution box was passed and everyone put in a penny and let it go at that. And the preacher didn't say a word, either, and he managed fine, too."

Ma Higgins—"But I bet he prayed every night of his life for death to end his misery—if they were all as close as some people I know."

Nellie Higgins (almost in tears)—"Kittie Jones' mother is going to let her bring a chicken."

Pa Higgins—"A chicken! And chicken so expensive! I don't know where things'll stop. No one ever gave me a chicken, I notice."

Ma Higgins—"It's just that Mrs. Johnson, I tell you. Pass those hot biscuits again. Her ideas'll upset the whole church."

Nellie Higgins (beginning to cry)—"I don't know what's the matter. Everything was so jolly there, and now everything's so horrid! I don't want to give anything to the poor—I ain't going near the girls."

(Runs out of room and slams the door.)

* * *

The Last Doll.

It was at the supper table of a certain Pittsburgh boarding-house that the conversation started. It began when the young woman bookkeeper remarked that she was engaged in dressing a Christmas doll for her little niece.

"It's going to be perfectly dear," she declared. "I almost feel tempted to keep it for myself."

"Haw-haw," guffawed the masculine "mealers."

"You needn't laugh," said the young woman clerk. "I have my last doll at home and I wouldn't part with it for anything."

The remaining women boarders applauded this sentiment, and stoutly declared that girls never get too big to play with dolls.

All this was a totally new revelation to the men boarders, who laughed immoderately at the idea.

Mrs. Pruyn, the landlady, said nothing, but smiled grimly. Being rather a grim proposition, anyway, on the shady side of 40, it was hardly to be expected that she would echo any such silly sentiment.

It was late that night when the young woman bookkeeper finished dressing her doll and betook herself upstairs. She was somewhat surprised to see the landlady's door standing open and still more so when the stern-featured Mrs. Pruyn beckoned her in.

"Let me see your dolly," said the landlady. "Oh, isn't it beautiful!" she exclaimed, while the young woman's astonishment increased. Then to her utter amazement, the landlady opened a trunk and brought forth a big, old-fashioned wax doll, resplendent in frills and fluffs.

"There," she exclaimed, with a queer blush, "is my last doll. I've kept it all these years, but I never suspected there were other women as silly as I."

"And do you know," said the young woman bookkeeper afterward, "the poor old thing had tears in her eyes and she actually kissed me good night."

* * *

Getting Square.

A boy who had been well worked and badly paid for two years succeeded in getting a better job. His last day with the old firm he was sent out with a load of valuable china. He returned in an hour or so, and the china, instead of having been delivered, lay in the bottom of the hand cart, smashed to smithereens.

"What does this mean?" roared the proprietor.

The boy, as he stepped out of the shaft, answered calmly:

"It means, boss, that you've worked me like a horse and treated me like a horse for two years now. So this morning I shied at a steam roller, ran away, and had a smash-up." So saying the boy turned and set off, blithely whistling, for his new and better job.

* * *

What Did She Mean?

Mrs. Smith was an ardent worker in the cause of the prevention of cruelty to animals, and, when Mrs. Brown came to tea, told her a pathetic tale of a donkey that she had rescued from a cruel master the day before.

The visitor was very interested, and when she rose to go said:

"I am so glad you have told me all those fascinating things about animals, dear Mrs. Smith. I shall never see a donkey again without thinking of you."

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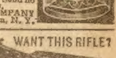

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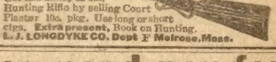

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Their Safety Deposit Vault

By William MacLeod Raine

TOM LYNCH looked at his girl-wife out of good clear Irish eyes from which anxiety had for the present banished the usual gleam of fun. She had been the schoolteacher of the little mining town and he had won her from a small army of rivals. Bad Lute Purdy had been a candidate for her favor. So had the sheriff of the county, a rich mineowner, and several other people of prominence. For Kate Lawrence was as pretty as a ripe peach, with a soft loveliness of curved cheek and flowing lines that were as a magnet to the eye masculine.

For six weeks they had been husband and wife as well as lovers. Only one cloud had been on the horizon of their happiness. The roses no longer brushed their bloom on her soft cheeks. She moved languidly instead of with the light, free tread of other years. The doctors said she had been working too hard in the schoolroom and needed a change, that Tom had better take her to California across the mountains where she could be all day and night beneath the blue roof of the continent.

"The doctor knows best. If it's an outdoor life you need, that's what you'll get, Katie, my lass. I'll buy that camp outfit from Maddox and we'll cross the mountains by wagon. 'Twill set you right for sure."

"But what will we do with the money, Tom?"

The young Irish-American was a miner. Six months before he had taken a lease on the Nancy K and had struck pay ore. Before the lease was ended he had cleaned up nine thousand dollars. They had their dream of a little orange grove in southern California and both of them knew that this was the time to buy while prices were down. Wherefore they must have their money where they could get at it. A bank draft would not do because all over the country banks were paying in scrip. By good luck and industry he had won a "stake" and he intended to keep it within reach until that dream of an orange orchard became a reality.

"We'll take it with us," Tom answered.

Kate opened her eyes wide. "With us in the wagon? Will it be safe?"

"It will, for nobody will know of it."

"Take it all?"

"Every cent of it."

"Where?"

He whispered in her ear.

She laughed and nodded. "All right, Tom."

Within the hour she was cutting out and sewing on the machine canvas bags of long narrow shape.

Tom bought the Maddox camping outfit complete, sold for a song the household furniture, and closed up his business affairs. Late that same night he and his wife drew their money from the bank where it was deposited.

Their method of doing this might have struck the casual observer as criminal. First they pulled down every blind in the kitchen and locked the doors. Cautiously Tom dragged back the linoleum and removed a short plank that fitted from joist to joist. With his hand he scraped aside loose dirt and pulled up a tin box. This he unlocked, threw back the lid, and disclosed a heap of shining yellow double eagles, hundreds upon hundreds of them.

These they put one at a time into the long, narrow bags which were just big enough to hold fifty when carefully packed one on top of another. Kate sewed up the bags as soon as they were filled and Tom dropped them through the bung hole into an empty water barrel. When the bank was empty, Tom carried the water barrel outside and attached it to its place beside the wagon, after which he filled it from another barrel in the yard. This done, he returned to the house and slept till morning.

It was still early when they started from Goldbanks across the desert. Both of them were pleased as Punch over their new wheeled home. It was the most complete and convenient thing of the kind they had ever seen. Everything had a place, from the rifle which hung suspended from a rack in the wagon within reach of Tom's hand, to the cooking cabinent that swung snugly into place above the folding table.

"We'll be ever so happy," sighed Kate with deep content.

She was glad to be leaving, for she longed for green and growing things and moreover had lived in a continual fear that her husband would be killed in the mine. Tom let his big brown hand squeeze her little one. He was an alert and pleasant-looking fellow of five and twenty. "We will that, please God."

They traveled only twenty-five miles that day, for it was their intention to take it easy so that Kate might not get tired. At four o'clock Tom made camp. He set up the little tent and built a fire. While his wife made supper he watered the horses from the barrel, fed and hobbled them, and unpacked the bedding from the wagon. After they had eaten he built up the camp-fire again, and together they sat in front of its leaping flames and watched the purple mountains grow into a black wall, with a jagged top reaching into the sky of stars. For the first time in her life Kate fell asleep to the sound of the wind slapping the walls of the tent.

When she awoke she was amazed to see the sun peering at her over a saddle between two hills. Tom, busy making biscuits, called to her cheerfully.

"Buenos dias, senora. When you are through dressing come and get it."

Kate ate with a ravenous appetite that surprised her. Already the tonic of the outdoors was getting into her blood.

Leisurely they traveled toward the mountains, for they were in no hurry to reach their destination. And day by day Tom saw the roses come back into the cheeks of his wife. Over precipitous mountain roads they swung, sometimes at a dizzy height above the canon bed below, working round the great peaks and over the passes that lay between.

Sometimes they would go for long walks together, he with his gun and she perhaps with a fishing rod. He taught her how to shoot, to ride, to enjoy the simple camp life. Or it might be that in their walks, rifle and rod would be left in the wagon and a camera taken. Once, far up in the mountains, they left the outfit near a friendly ranch house for two days while they tramped to Lost Lake and fished. There was nothing in the wagon these whole-hearted mountain people would take, and as for what was in the water barrel it was as safe and as well hidden as if it had been in a city safety deposit vault.

So they thought. Nor did anything occur to change their opinion during the first two weeks of their journey. They were well across the divide, drawing down toward one of California's famous scenic valleys, when that occurred which brought the steel into Tom's sunny blue eyes. At Walley's Hump they had stopped to camp for a week. The fishing was good and Tom's rifle secured them plenty of grouse and quail. Returning together to the wagon about dusk one evening, they came on a man prowling about the camp. He was at the tail of the wagon examining the cooking box and its contents.

"Nothing doing here, Bill," he growled.

Tom, rifle in hand, strode up and looked at the fellow frostily. The man was Lute Purdy, the ne'er-do-well mucker from the Goldbanks mines, who had been a rival of Lynch for the favor of Kate.

"Making yourself at home, Purdy, I see," Tom said quietly.

The man jumped as if he had been shot. A sullen face showed from the wagon, followed by a body in an evident hurry to descend.

Tom recognized this man as a second loose character with a reputation far from unsmirched.

"Good afternoon, Bill. This your outfit?" Tom asked with quiet sarcasm.

"No, I—fact is we been tramping and we're hungry. Been looking for grub," Bill replied uneasily. For the owner of the wagon stood six feet in his shoes, had well-packed, supple muscles, and had won a reputation for fearlessness in a camp where there had been many reckless men.

"Funny Purdy didn't mention he had come to the grub if you are so hungry."

"I—I was just telling him," Purdy contributed.

Tom put the rifle down against the tail piece of the wagon, made up some ham sandwiches, and put them in a sack.

"This is the best we've got, boys. Now we'll say good-by," he said.

Both of them were big, hulking fellows, as ugly a pair of ruffians as one would be likely to meet. Either of them could have spared Tom twenty pounds, but they were muscle bound, and he was springy as a wildcat. There was in his steady blue eyes a moral suasion more potent than the weapon beside him. Moreover he had the law with him. They had plainly come for robbery, but they accepted sullenly his invitation to take themselves off.

"I don't know as we're in any such a mighty hurry," Purdy growled as they went. He longed to stay and fight their feud out to a finish, but he lacked the cold-steel nerve for it.

Tom did not answer, but his eye was on them till they had disappeared down the trail.

Kate came forward with a rather white face. "Oh, Tom. Do you think they know about——?" She looked at the water barrel without finishing her sentence.

"No, they can't. But they know I made money and they feel sure we must have some of it with us. Folks can't travel four or five hundred miles without having money for supplies and emergencies."

"What are you going to do?" she asked, for he was already busy packing.

"Going to move in closer to the Fraser ranch tonight. No use taking chances. They are a pair of mighty tame bandits, but it is better to be safe than sorry."

He did not tell her that he had seen a revolver projecting from the hip pocket of Purdy; nor did he mention that the man had been present when he drew the little fortune of gold pieces from the bank at the time of the panic. No need to frighten her with the thought that these scalawags had followed them a hundred and fifty miles with robbery as their aim.

But always from that time on he watched for them. Not for a moment did he believe he was rid of them permanently. When he was least expecting it, the pair of prize beauties would reappear, and if they ever took him at disadvantage the scoundrels would stick at nothing to gain their end. He pushed down the valley toward a more thickly settled country. Whenever it was possible he camped at a ranch house.

A week, and Tom began to feel easier in mind. They were nearing Fresno, the end of their long journey. Probably after all he had shaken off the men who had been following him.

They came to camp at dusk one evening close by the bank of a river. It was on the edge of the raisin-growing country. Game was beginning to get scarce, but they could hear the distant hooting of quail. The horses watered and fed, Tom and Kate took down the guns and followed the call of the birds. He was always a more eager hunter than she, and presently Kate returned to camp with the intention of starting supper.

On the edge of the little clearing by the river bank she stopped abruptly. A shadowy something was crouched at the tail of the wagon. The low murmur of voices reached her. The heart of the young woman stood still, then began to beat fast. It must be robbers after their money again. And Tom would not be back for half an hour.

She stilled the first panic in her, thinking desperately. She must hold them prisoner till Tom came back. But how? She could shoot straight enough—had killed a deer not two weeks earlier at two hundred yards. But could she shoot a man if it were necessary—and would she? Fear and excitement were fluttering in her like a caged bird. She was trembling like an aspen in the wind.

She thought of the money Tom had worked so hard to get. The tremors passed out of her. She felt her nerve and her resolution harden to iron. Noiselessly she skirted the camp ground, working closer and closer to the wagon, till she reached the cover of a large tree. Behind its trunk she took her stand and waited, tense and alert to every sound.

In the moonlight she could see two men busy in a litter of overturned boxes and scattered goods. Literally the contents of the wagon had been emptied on the ground. Even the flour had been poured from the sacks. Everything that could possibly be used as a hiding place for money had been turned topsy-turvy and ransacked.

The man doing the searching turned at last to the one sitting by the wheel with a revolver in his hand.

"It ain't here, Purdy. That's all there's to it. We been over everything."

"Except that water barrel. Smash it with the ax, Bill."

Kate fired into the air twice in quick succession. This was the signal that had been agreed upon between her and Tom in case she ever needed his help when he was at a distance.

Then Kate spoke. Her voice, as hard as hammered iron, surprised herself. "I'll shoot the first man that moves."

There was a moment's startled silence. The barrel of her gun could be seen shining in the moonlight. One of the men spoke to the other.

"It's only a woman."

"I killed a deer the other day," Kate said quietly.

They happened to know she spoke the truth, for a rancher in the hills told them about it. A revolver is a poor weapon against a rifle. If her nerve held out she had them for the present.

"We ain't doin' any harm," one growled,

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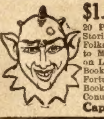

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his mind searching busily for a way out.

"You can explain it to Tom when he comes," she said.

"We ain't the kind to hurt a lady. You come right forward and we'll talk it over friendly, ma'am."

"I'll stay here. Drop that pistol."

For an instant he thought of taking a chance. But she was safe behind her tree. She had him covered. The man dropped the revolver with an imprecation.

"Kick it from you."

He kicked it with the heel of his boot.

"Sit down on the ground—both of you," she ordered

They sat down cursing and grumbling. For fifteen minutes she held them there.

Purdy tried whining. "This ain't no way to treat an old friend, Kate. We ain't aiming to do you any harm. I always did think a heap of you."

"You may forget that stuff. I never was your friend, you barroom loafer. No, sit still!"

Behind the drifting cloud the moon went into partial eclipse. Bill crept into the brush and was gone before Kate knew it. When the cloud had passed she missed him and knew that he was crawling round to outflank her.

"Tom!" she cried in terror. And again, "Help, Tom!"

There was the sound of something crashing through the bushes, a surprised exclamation and an agitation in the underbrush.

Purdy rose, as if to go to his comrade's assistance.

"Sit down," Kate cried tensely.

Purdy looked at her standing white and resolute in the moonlight, her rifle pointed toward him. He sat down.

From out of the bushes came two men. The one in front was Bill. His face was bleeding and swollen. Behind him walked Tom carrying a rifle.

"Hands up till I've looked you both over," Tom ordered.

Four hands wavered skyward. He disarmed Bill and gathered in the revolver of his companion. Kate came forward, very much frightened now that the danger was over. She sat down limply on a cracker box without saying anything more definite than a piteous little "Oh, Tom!"

Lynch made his prisoners harness and hitch the team after they had repacked the wagon under his direction. This time he did not turn them loose without punishment. Under the coercion of Purdy's own revolver he drove them to the river bank. In the other hand was a coil of rope.

"You're too hot-headed, both of you. What you need is to get cooled off. Jump!"

"Jump where?" whined Bill.

"Right before you. Into the river. And keep going till you reach the other bank—or the bottom."

"Goddlemighty, man, I can't swim," Purdy pleaded.

"Too bad you never learned. Jump!"

They jumped, floundered out a step or two into the deep cold water, and turned to persuade Tom to think better of it.

"You wouldn't drown us, would you?"

"It's up to you. Sink or swim just as you please, but keep going."

A bullet splashed into the water just between them. They argued the matter no longer. It was a short swim, and Tom watched them until they reached the other bank, ready if need be to throw a rope in rescue. Standing dripping in the shallow water on the other side, they shook their fists at him and cursed raucously.

Tom turned on his heel with a derisive laugh. As the wagon swung back into into the road they could still hear the impotent threats of the defeated robbers.

All night they traveled. Tom made his wife a bed in the wagon. She was quite sure her nerves were too badly shaken for her to sleep, but presently her eyes closed to the rocking of the wagon. When they opened again it was early day. She peeped through the curtains to see Tom making breakfast. Before her lay Fresno, shining in the morning sun.

The wagon and team were sold that day at auction, but the water barrel was not included. It had been knocked to pieces and the sacks of gold transferred to a handbag.

If you ever go out to Pomona, in that land of perennial summer, you may see the gold from the water barrel transmuted into golden nuggets hanging by hundreds from thousands of trees. Tom will probably tell you to help yourself, for to the orange groves of California, visitors properly introduced are made welcome.

* * *

Isobel the Czar's Spy.

(Continued from page four.)

The [illegible] sudden start on Strouse's part, but [illegible] led himself together with [illegible] cool ma[illegible].

"Then you are the most fortunate man in the world," said he. "You can be chief of the Emperor's secret police."

[illegible]

"Why don't you go on?" cried Strouse as his companion paused. "You have thrown me into boiling water and deliberately hold me there."

"Well, then, permit me to lift you out," smiled Darok. "Von Tuyl killed Von Roon and Mademoiselle Isobel guided the hand that wielded the dagger."

At first Strouse's countenance showed no change; then a smile gathered at his lips and he burst into a laugh.

"Fool!" cried he. "I don't know about Von Tuyl, but I do know about the Alsatian."

"Well, I am going to inform on her."

"If you do you won't live to see the Vienna chorus girl any more!" and with this Strouse turned on his heel and walked away.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this most interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

"SAVIN' UP."

Nov. 10—Mamma gave me a tin bank today an' I'm goin' to save up for Christmus. Papa put a quarter in it an' I put a cent. That makes 26 cents already.

Nov. 14—Put five cents more in my bank. Mamma gave it to me for mindin' the baby. Sounds like a lot in the bank now—when I shake it.

Nov. 17—Grandma gave me 10 cents to buy candy with. Got it changed and put nine cents in the bank. Bought gum with the cent—it lasts longer'n candy.

Nov. 18—Counted the money in the bank. There's 40 cents. Got it out by slidin' a piece of card into the slot. Gee, wisht I didn't have to save it all for Christmus!

Nov. 19—Pop gave me five pennies. Put four of 'em in the bank.

Nov. 23—Mom gave me five pennies. Put three of 'em in the bank. Pennies make as much noise when you shake 'em as dimes and nickels do.

Nov. 25—Uncle George heard I was savin' up for Christmus an' gave me a quarter. Wisht folks was as generous when I ain't savin' up. Gee!

Nov. 29.—Pop gave me five cents an' I put two of 'em in the bank. Got to make up for that quarter somehow.

Dec. 2—Mamma says today: "Willie, I just put a dime in your bank." Wouldn't trust me to do it, I s'pose. Gee, but that was a mean advantage to take of a feller!

Dec. 3—Counted the money in the bank—forgot how much was there. A penny fell on the floor and rolled away. Couldn't find it.

Dec. 4—Found the penny that fell on the floor. It was a five-cent piece. Put it in my pocket just to see how it seemed to have money.

Dec. 6—Grandma gave me 10 cents for my bank. Put the nickel back again an' kept grandma's dime. I'll hang on to it a while. Pop says a man ought always to have with him a little more money than he needs, just in case of 'mergency.

Dec. 8—Uncle George came in an' says: "How's the bank getting' along?" Then he gave me a quarter. Put in grandma's dime an' put Uncle George's quarter in my pants. A feller can save money in his pocket just as well as in a tin bank. Strength of mind is all he needs, so pop says.

Dec. 9—Got Uncle George's quarter changed so's to make it jingle. A quarter by itself don't make no more noise than a postage stamp. Thought I ought to buy somethin' when I changed it so's the man in the store would have somethin' for his trouble. Lucky I changed it in a candy store where the money wouldn't be wasted.

Dec. 10—Mom wanted to know where I got the 13 cents I had in my pants pocket. I said it was money I was savin' up for Christmus. Mom says if you'll put it right away in your bank I'll give you 10 cents more to put with it. What could a feller do?

Dec. 13—Jim Forrester said he'd sell me his old football for a quarter. There wasn't nobody home but the girl, so I borrowed the money from my bank. The bladder of the football bust as I was blowin' it up. No need of savin' anythin'. I'll just do what pop says business [illegible] often do—charge it off to profit and loss. A feller learns lots about business when he's savin' up for Christmus.

Dec. 15—Mom and I opened the bank with a can-opener and there was 96 cents in it. What do you know about that? Somebody must ha' been puttin' [illegible] it without tellin' me anythin' [illegible]. Gee, if I'd only known there [illegible] much money in the bank, I'd [illegible] what's the use now.

Dec. 17—Went down [illegible]

[illegible] Bertra an' [illegible] Cost altogether four dollars an' thirty-seven cents. I didn't have quite enough in my bank to pay it all, so mom she helped me out a little bit. It's great th[illegible] savin' up for Christmus. It teaches a feller to have a savin' disposition.

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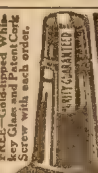

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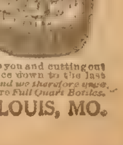
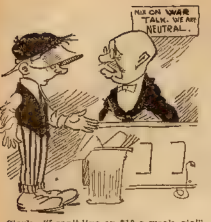


MAYCLIFFE DIST. CO., Warehouse L ST. LOUIS, MO.


NIX ON WAR TALK. WE ARE NEUTRAL.

Clerk—"I can't live on $10 a week, sir!"
Employer—"Bosh! If you got the earth every week you'd say you couldn't live on it!"

Cautious Tommy.

Sunday School Teacher—"Once upon a time there were two rich men, one of whom made his fortune by honest industry, while the other made his by fraud. Now, which of these two men would you prefer to be?"

Tommy (after a moment's hesitation)—"Which made the most?"

Work for the Map Makers.

"Pa, what's a siege gun?"

"It's a mechanical device used for altering maps, my son."

Fixing the Amount.

One afternoon the bookkeper employed by a certain concern bulged into the private office and timidly approached the desk of the boss

"Mr. Jinks," said he, after some hesitation, "during the past week I have been doing the clerk's work as well as my own, and this being payday, I thought I would remind you of that fact'

"Let me see," responded the boss, thoughtfully. "You make $10 a week and the clerk makes $5 Is that right?"

"Yes, sir,' answered the bookkeeper, with a hopeful expression.

"Good'" smiled the boss. "Then, as I figure it out, you made half a week for yourself and half a week for the clerk. I will tell the cashier to fix the amount at $7.50."

A Stupefying Question.

Pretty Girl—"All the girls in our set are going to be vaccinated tomorrow night. Do you know where?"

Bashful Youth (blushing deeply)—"Really—I—I couldn't—er—um——"

Pretty Girl—"Oh, you'd never guess in the world We are all going to meet at Cousin Clara's house and be vaccinated there."

An Unhappy Couple.

"How do Scrappington and his wife get on?'

"Terribly' They have both turned vegetarians. They eat nothing but mushrooms"

"What for?"

"Each hoping the other will swallow a toadstool And neither seems to care much which gets it."

A Settlement.

Mr. Golden had a new office-boy. A few days after his arrival some money was missed from the cash drawer.

Calling the new boy into the private office, Mr. Golden said, severely:

"There is ten dollars gone from my cash drawer, Albert Now, you and I are the only people who have keys to that drawer"

"Well," replied the boy, cheerfully, "s'pose we each pay five dollars and say no more about it?"

Another Economist.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "do they really have a pork barrel in Congress?"

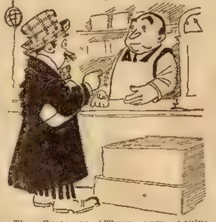
"Yes"

"Well, it ought to be stopped With meat going so high, the people shouldn't be expected to supply officeholders with every luxury."

The Bride's Mistake.

Mr. Newlywed—"Did you sew the button on my coat, darling?"

Mrs. Newlywed—"No, love. I couldn't find the button and so I just sewed up the buttonhole."



The Customer—'These eggs you've been selling me for fresh laid are out of cold storage."

The Merchant—"They're fresh laid, all right, but the temperature has been so low lately that the hens have been laying cold storage eggs."

Equality of Sex.

There is a little girl in Springfield, Mass., who, like many of her sex, resents the imputation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine.

One day her mother remarked on the apparent lack of intelligence in a hen.

"You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have done more harm to the garden than a drove of cattle would You can teach a cat, a dog or a pig something, but a hen—never'

"H'm!" exclaimed the child, indignantly. "I think they know as much as the roosters'"

Kept a Secret.

Wife—"Think I can't keep a secret, do you?"

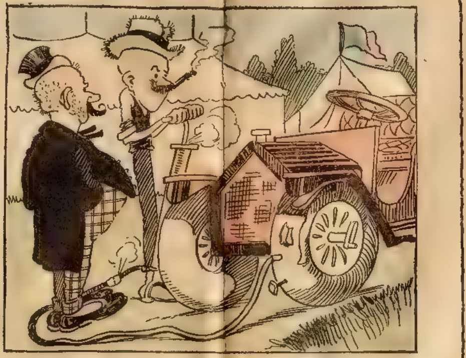
Husband—"Yes, I do."

Wife—"Well, for the past two months I've worn an old hat trimmed over, and I haven't told a soul yet, so there."

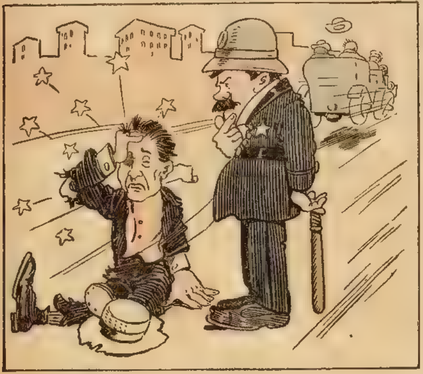
Just One Thing After Another.

Hub—"I've given up drinking, smoking and golf playing to please you, still you're not satisfied Now what else do you want me to give up?"

Wife—"Well, you might give up fifty dollars. I need a new gown"



Side Show Manager—"Increase the india rubber man's salary."
Assistant—"Why'"
Side Show Manager—"We were out autoing yesterday and he let me use him for a spare tire."



Officer—"What kind of a machine hit you?'
Poor Perkins—"I remember it as a blue streak surrounded by stars."

Sarah's Gloves.

A family in the South had a coal black cook named Sarah, whose husband was suddenly killed in a quarry accident. For the time being her grief was allayed by the preparations for an elaborate funeral and on the day of this event, so dear to negroes who desire to show their importance, she appeared before her mistress in deepest black, but on her hands were a pair of white gloves, such as soldiers wear at dress parade and guard mount

"Why, aunt," exclaimed her mistress, "what made you get white gloves?

Sarah drew herself up indignantly, and said, in the chilliest tones: Don't you suppose I wants dem niggahs to see dat I'se got on gloves?"

Did Not Follow It.

"I am glad to find you better," said a physician to a famous comedian upon paying him a professional visit one morning. "You followed my prescription, of course?

'Indeed, I did not, Doctor," retorted the sick man, "or I should have broken my neck'

'Broken your neck!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes," said the other, "for I threw your prescription out of the window."

A Stupid Hen.

"No purpose once undertaken should be given up," said the resolute man

"Maybe you're right," replied Farmer Corntossel. 'But I know a hen that lost a lot o' chickens by tryin' to hold out an' hatch a china egg'

A Dangerous Doctor.

Dr. Pillem—"My dear sir, it is a miracle that you are alive today'

Patient "Yes that's what my friends said when I told them you were attending m[illegible] Life

Blame Her?

"How is the law made?" asked the instructor in United States history.

"Oh," replied the maiden, cheerfully, 'the Senate has to ratify [illegible], then the President has to [illegible] to veto it and then the House of Representatives has to [illegible] hesitated for a moment and knit her pretty forehead

"Oh, yes' I remember now," she said. "The House of Representatives has to adjourn until the next session.'"

Over-Delicate.

It was in a small Southwestern town that the town council which we infer is becoming unduly delicate caused this notice to appear in the local newspaper when a tax on dogs [illegible] imposed

"Tax on each dog—male one dolar vice versa three dollars"

A Bad Case of Seasickness.

A group of teachers, bound for South America under the auspices of the International Conciliation Association, were exchanging seasickness stories in the smoking-room of the Vandyke.

Percy Bentley Burnet of Kansas City said

"The trip to Bermuda is a very seasickish one A Kansas City man told me he suffered dreadfully, both going and coming

"'I could keep nothing on my stomach,' he said

"'Nothing whatever?' I asked in awe.

"'Nothing,' he answered, 'except a mustard plaster and my hands.'"

Hens Not Perfect.

A farmer living not far from Boston was disappointed the other day when Mrs. Blank, one of his regular customers, refused to buy any more eggs from him

"They are not satisfactory," she told him. "Some of the last lot were not fit to use."

'But, Mrs. Blank" remonstrated the old man "a hen is bound to lay a bad egg now and agin"

Did the Dog Know?

The Frenchman did not like the look of the barking dog barring his way.

"It's all right," said his host. "Don't you know the proverb, 'Barking dogs never bite?'"

'Ah, yes," said the Frenchman, "I know ze proverb, you know ze proverb, but ze dog—does he know ze proverb?"

A Neglectful Citizen.

South American Wife (early morning)—"Hark' Hear the cannon and the rattle of musketry, the clash of swords and the yells' Listen!"

Husband—"Mio Gracia! This must be election day, and I forgot to register."

A Tacit Tip.

"How are you going to tell when there is anything of importance going on?" asked one war correspondent

"I keep my eye on the censor," replied the other. "Whenever there's nothing givn out for publication you may know it's time to hustle and get the news."

A Delicate Hint.

"Miss Ethel," he began, "or Ethel, I mean—I've known you long enough to drop the 'miss,' haven't I?"

She fixed her lovely eyes upon him with a meaning gaze. "Yes, I think you have," she said. "What prefix do you wish to substitute?"

No Harm Done.

Her friends had asked their young hostess to play for them, and she was performing a difficult selection from Wagner. In the midst of it she suddenly stopped in confusion.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the visitors

"I—I struck a false note,' faltered the performer

"Well, what of it?" cried another guest. "Go ahead. Nobody but Wagner would ever know it, and he's dead."

Farmer Got His Share.

"Where did you go last Sunday?"

"Duck hunting."

"Get any?

"Yes. With a 75-cent box of shells I bagged sixteen."

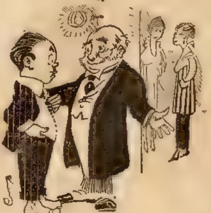
"Gee, that was getting 'em cheap!"

'So I thought at first, but the farmer made me pay a dollar apiece for them."

Careful Insects.

"Now scientists say that flies try to keep clean"

"I don't doubt it. A fly will go over a plate of bread and wipe its feet on every slice."



Old Hadmore—"I'd like to have you meet my daughters I have two girls that are worth their weight in gold."

Young Hardfax—"H'm! What are their respective weights?"

A Wise Precaution.

Two sailors were seated at a table before a cafe. One sailor had a letter before him and was reading aloud, while at the same time the other sailor held his hands over the reader's ears The friendly waiter, impelled by curiosity, paused before the table

"Why," he asked, "do you hold your hands over your friend's ears while he reads that letter out loud to you?"

"Because," was the dignified answer, "the letter is from my sweetheart Jack is reading it because I can't read myself. That is all right, but I don't want him to hear a word of what is written."

A Strong Objection.

"I want you to meet a friend of mine, a remarkably clever girl, taught herself to swim in one lesson

"If she is so ugly she had to teach herself to swim, I don't want to meet her'

Modern Newspapers.

Wife—"We ought to have a newspaper rack for the sitting-room."

Husband (opening out a Sunday newspaper, comprising about one hundred pages)—"Can't afford it while there's a tariff on lumber"

The Birthday Gift.

It was Mrs. Malloon's birthday, and she felt a trifle disappointed that there was no gift beside her plate. It was the first time in twenty years that her husband had forgotten the occasion. Mr. Malloon smiled at her frankly.

"My dear," he said, "I have been so busy lately that I have not had time to buy you a birthday gift; but I'll give you the cow"

She thanked him graciously. "Daisy is a beautiful cow," she said

Two months ago Mr. Malloon's birthday came round. When he appeared at breakfast his wife greeted him with a radiant smile. "My dear," she said, "I have been so busy lately sewing for the children that I haven't had time to make you a birthday gift; but I'll give you the cow."

A Real Wonder.

Snooker (fiercely)—"Your fowls have been over the wall and scratched my garden."

Chanks (coolly)—"Well, there's nothing extraordinary in that. It's their nature to scratch. Now, if your garden were to come over the wall and scratch my fowls it would be extraordinary and something worth communicating"

A Pointer.

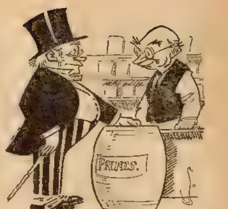
Mabel—"Papa is getting anxious about your calls Yesterday he wanted to know who you were"

Adorer—"H'm! I say, Mabel, if he mentions the subject again, tell him you heard me grumbling about high taxes."

Very Cheap Tea.

Housekeeper—"Are you sure that this tea isn't half copperas?"

Dealer (convincingly)—"We couldn't afford to sell copperas at the extremely low price we charge for this tea, ma'am."



Village Doc—"Say, Boggs, I don't like the looks of these prunes in this barrel."

Village Grocer—"Maybe if you'll eat the rest of the barrel you'll think they're better"

The Man for the Place.

Editor—"You wish a position as proofreader?'

Applicant—"Yes, sir"

"Do you understand the requirements of that responsible position?"

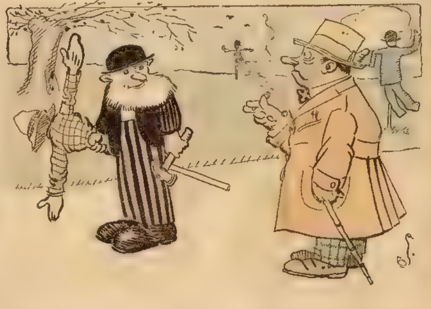
"Perfectly, sir. Whenever you make any mistakes in the paper just blame 'em on me and I'll never say a word."

Protesting Too Much.

She (doubtfully)—"Have you really told me of all the sins you ever committed?"

He (stoutly)—"Yes. All."

She (sorrowfully)—"Then I am not worthy of you. Farewell for—for—forever'



Stranger—"How far is it from here to Squeehawken, as the crow flies?'

Silas—"Quite a spell, jest now' Thar's so many scarecrows 'twix here and Squeehawken that the crows fly zigzag!"

Village Improvements.

'We want you to help out our village improvement society."

'All right. What is it, a new cupola for the town hall?

"Oh, no. We are merely raising a fund to buy the oldest inhabitant some false teeth."

She Didn't Go.

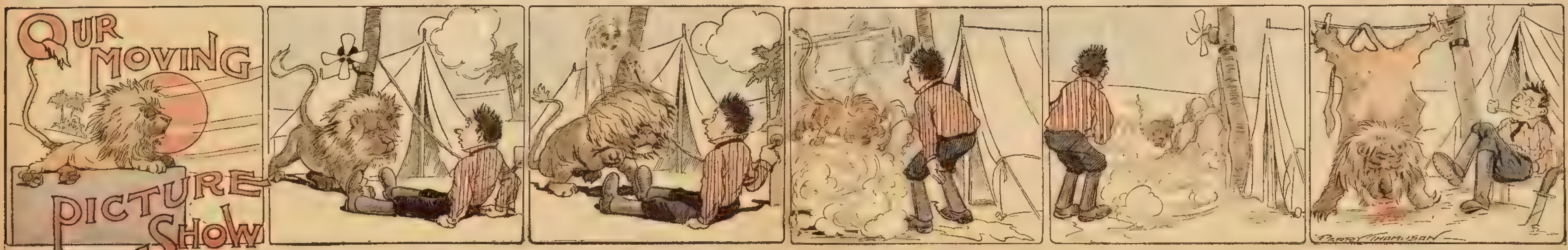
He (after a tiff)—"Going home to your mother, eh?

She "Yes, I am"

He "Huh!" What do you suppose she'll say to you?"

She 'She'll say, 'I told you so.'' (He made up)

A LION-KILLING LIE



Pinky Beanhead, the globe trotter, upon returning home said it happened this way: When he was in Egypt he was awakened by a ferocious lion—

But, with wonderful presence of mind, he pressed the button, starting the electric fan which he always carried with him—

Thus blowing the lion's mane over its eyes and blinding it, so that it wildly ran amuck—

Butting into an immense rock a short distance away, stunning it, and where it became an easy mark for the hunter's knife—

And the lion proved to be one of the largest and fiercest of its kind ever killed in Africa However, its skin was stolen, else he would have brought it home.

FOR FAMILY HONOR

Or, A WORLD WIDE SEARCH

By AUGUSTIN W. BREEDEN AND DR. H. L. SMITH

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CHAPTER XVI.

CHART OF IRETON'S ISLAND.

"WE HADN'T much more than got aboard the Nest Egg, as you know," began Billy Sangree, "than that infernal fog came down and we lost you all—and, I can tell you, Captain Gray was mighty glad to lose you. Well, we had the same trouble you did, with calms and storms. I needn't tell you about that. At the end of the big blow we found ourselves in unknown seas but not marooned on a reef. It was during the calm that we had the trouble. When we were first picked up by the Egg, the captain questioned us mighty close about where your craft was headed. It soon become plain that he didn't know where Philip Ireton's treasures were buried any more than we did. The crazy Africander did, but he was entirely too crazy to tell what he knew.

"Then in a few hours they caught on to our little game—Beatrice's and mine—and from that moment on we had no peace. Of course they didn't guess that we were there to spy on them and find out what they knew, but they knew there was something tremendously crooked about our schemes, and I just did escape dangling from a yardarm. Beatrice saved the situation. She had not been on board any time till she began to flirt with the Sicilian, Terranova, and she soon discovered that his name was not Terranova, but Spinoza, and that he was her own blood uncle. From that on we had him for our friend.

"He told Beatrice that her father was known to be with Philip Ireton when he put out with his last treasure for his treasure island, and that he had reason to believe that the expedition was lost, because her father always let him know when he returned after each expedition. He told us also that it was the habit of Philip Ireton and Beatrice's father always to knock whoever sailed with them to the island on the head before they made a port on their return, so that no one but they two could know of the whereabouts of the treasure. That is how the crazy Africander got knocked crazy. He was slugged and thrown overboard, but he washed ashore alive. Still he was never able to tell what he knew.

"Beatrice's father had got suspicious of Ireton and had promised his brother to make a map showing the location of the island before he sailed for it for the last time. Also it was the plan of the two Spinoza brothers, in case Bee's father returned from this trip, to wait no longer, but to go together with a picked crew and steal Ireton's treasure from him. Bee's uncle tried to connect with her father in Cape Town and get the map that he had prepared, but he never did get to see him, owing to a miscalculation, and he never knew whether the uncle made that map or not before he died."

"You say you found Spinoza's body with Ireton's. Did he have no map or chart with him?"

"None," said Haskell, "at least we found none."

He paused and did not speak for some moments. He felt that he was about to find a clew. But it was elusive. It got away from him for the moment.

"I am not even sure that one of the bodies was that of Beatrice's father," he said. "But on one which looked like a Sicilian we found this." Here he produced the tiny gold chain and the crucifix, which he had not mentioned previously

Beatrice leaped forward and snatched the little token.

"It ees my father who is dead, then. It ess I that geeve heem this little crucifix so when he is killed he will not go to hell. See, here ees my name—'From Beatreece'—C'est moi—c'est moimeme!" she cried, pointing to the inscription on the back of the trinket and lapsing into creole French in her excitement.

She clutched the cross to her heart and began to wail and weep and pray for the souls of her wicked father and uncle.

Judd Mason's big fist suddenly came down on the deal table around which they were sitting.

"He had that map about him when he was shipwrecked," he shouted. "Holloway found that map—I'd swear it on my mother's Bible!"

Harry Haskell leaped to his feet, wild with excitement. The idea had struck him at the same time as Judd; it was the elusive clew he was groping for in his mind.

"You're right!" he shouted. "Holloway found that map and that's why that bunch deserted us. Nothing but a mighty temptation would have ever changed Tom's mind. Well, we've got a ship now. We'll make all haste to cruise all about here, and perhaps we'll pick them up."

"It's just like the fools to have bad luck and go to the bottom, chart and all," cried Billy Sangree.

"They're surely not still on the high seas in that open boat," said Haskell. "It's been two weeks since they put off from here. They're either on some other island or reef, or they've got out on the lines of trade and been picked up by a passing trader, or else they're at the bottom of the sea. Any way you take it, there's no time to be lost. While Captain Sangree here still cruises the island with this old tub, I must try to get to Manila or some other port, get into communication with my house, and then charter the fastest steam launch I can find in these waters and return to my search. If these four scoundrels have been picked up, it is highly important that I get them arrested at the earliest possible moment and get possession of that chart."

Accordingly the Nest Egg put out to sea again. She was short-handed, but she made all sail to the southeast, her crew carefully studying every reef and island for some sign of the deserters. For three days she cruised southeast. Then she sighted a slow moving Dutch type of vessel and soon came up with her. She was flying a British flag.

"British schooner ahoy!" shouted Haskell through his megaphone.

"Ahoy there!" came back the answer.

"Will you take a passenger to Manila?"

"Yes."

"Stand by till we come up."

The schooner slackened her speed and the Nest Egg soon came alongside.

"Have you seen anything of an open boat with four men in it?" asked Haskell before he went overside the Nest Egg.

"No," replied the captain of the other schooner, "but a fast steamer passed us last night and called to us that they had picked up three men in an open boat, an Irishman and two Britishers."

"That's Spinks, Holloway and Tom," cried Haskell to his companions. "There's no use of your cruising these waters any longer till I get hold of that chart. Fall in behind this craft and let's make all speed to Manila."

"What port was this steamer bound for?" he asked of the captain of the schooner.

"Hong Kong."

"All right, I'm coming overside," called back Harry. "I believe your vessel's a little faster than ours, and we're short-handed. I'll give you a thousand dollars for every hour you beat your own expected time into Manila—wait, I'll give you two thousand an hour for every hour you beat my craft in—that's a fairer race." He turned and shouted to Billy Sangree: "Did you hear that, Captain Sangree?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" bawled Billy. "But how about my two thousand an hour if I beat her?"

"I'll pay it," called Haskell with a laugh.

He went into the captain's office and explained to him all about what had taken place for the past few weeks. And he asked the purser to take over the large amount of treasure he had, as he feared to leave it on board the Nest Egg, with the Malay sailors, wounded and otherwise, none too dependable.

Four hours ahead of her own scheduled time and two and a half ahead of the Nest Egg, the British schooner made port at Manila. In no time, Haskell was at the cable office. He first wired the authorities at Hong Kong to arrest Spinks, Holloway and Tom, and then he wired a long report to New York, giving his proof that Philip Ireton was the cause both of the Wentworth failure and of his father's failure, and demanding that his father be immediately set at liberty. He placed in the United States depository at Manila six hundred and fifty thousand dollars to be divided among his father's creditors, and promised more at an early date.

He soon had an answer to his Hong Kong cable.

"Have caught your men, all of them very low from hunger and exposure, one dying. Are sending them to Manila aboard S. S. Malabar, subject to your orders."

Just as the Nest Egg made port, Haskell had chartered the fastest steam launch that he could get, and was ready to steam north to meet the City of Malabar. He took Judd Mason with him, and left Sangree to deal with the wounded and imprisoned Malays as he saw fit.

Sixteen hours later they met the Malabar on the high seas. They gave a signal, came alongside, and were soon aboard.

"I have come for the three prisoners," said Haskell. "I am Henry Haskell of the Pan-American Banking and Trust Company." He produced a bundle of papers that proved who he was.

"One of the prisoners died about an hour ago," replied the captain of the Malabar. "He was a rather old man and gave his name as Holloway. All of them were very weak when we took them. It seems they had been for days and days in an open boat without food or water when they were picked up. I gathered from this fellow Holloway's rambling talk before he died that they had a map with them and were hunting for a buried treasure."

"That's right," cried Harry. "They have a map. Where is it? Did you get possession of it?"

"No. A man they call Tom has it, I think. He is out of his head, and if he isn't dying I never saw a dying man. He raves continually about wanting the forgiveness of some one he calls Judd, and some one he calls Captain Haskell. I guess that's you, isn't it?"

"Yes. Where is he? I must see him at once."

The captain showed Haskell into a tiny stateroom, and there, tossing in fever and delirium, lay Tom.

"I could die better if I only knowed I had their forgiveness, that they didn't have no hard feelin's toward me," he was saying, as he had an interval of lucidity.

"I forgive you, Tom," cried Haskell, seizing the opportunity, "and so does Judd. Only tell me where is the chart. Give me the chart at once!"

"Oh, yes, the map o' the island," murmured the dying man. "Yes; I've got it here. It's here sewed up inside my shirt. It belongs to you, o' course. I told the fellers that night that you ort to have it. Oh, can't I see ole Judd afore I die?"

"Yes," replied Haskell. He stepped to the door and called his companion and whispered to him the state of affairs. The big sailor understood and sympa-

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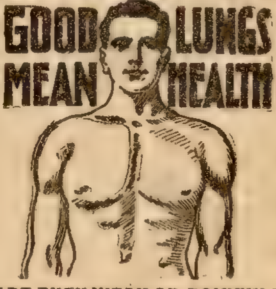

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thized. He followed his captain into the room.

"Oh, Judd," called out the dying man. "Tell me you don't hold nothin' agin me, ole mate. I kin die lots easier ef you'll only say them words!"

"I swear on my mother's Bible I don't hold nothin' agin you," repeated Judd solemnly.

The big tears were streaming down his face. The man on the bed was seized with convulsions. He died raving of buried treasures, of thirst and hunger, and the terrible fear of the wide, open sea.

The poor fellow was hardly quiet when Harry ripped open his shirt and drew forth the chart of Ireton's Island. Taking over Spinks, the one remaining prisoner, who was very weak but was showing signs of recovery, Harry and Judd made toward Manila in their speedier craft. Spinks begged mightily to be taken with the final expedition, which he knew would soon recover the buried treasure, but he was remanded to the same prison in Manila that held the Malays.

Harry found Billy and Beatrice all ready to sail south with him.

"I've got a chart of Ireton's island at last," he said to Billy, clapping him heartily on the back.

"Then ho, for the blue sea and the flying foam!" cried Billy, "and ho, for buried millions and glory and riches and honor!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TREASURE ISLAND.

THE next morning, having received answers to his American cablegrams and congratulations on his success, Harry, accompanied by Billy, Beatrice and Judd, and with a crew that was just as efficient as his little craft, set out to make that success complete. With the chart in his possession he had little difficulty in reaching the treasure island. And such a treasure as they found there! There were chests of coin of every important nation of the world. Ireton had been wise. In his banking business he had withdrawn a little of this nation's coin from circulation and a little of that. There were Dutch coins, Spanish dollars, English guineas, French louis d'ors, and various gold and silver coins from Italy, Scandinavia, Russia, all the South American republics, and even from China and Japan.

"I'm sorry old Tom isn't here to see all this," said Harry to Judd Mason. "I'm sorry that he turned traitor and lost his life and this opportunity. Judd, I'm going to reward you handsomely for sticking to me through thick and thin. There's nearly two million dollars here—enough to clear the good names of both Wentworth and Haskell, and if it hadn't been for your faithfulness I would never have got it. I'm going to do better by you than I promised. I'm going to buy a craft and give her to you as a present. How would the old Nest Egg suit you?"

"Fine," replied Judd.

"All right, in a month or two she'll be sold by a British court of claims. Her captain and crew are dead and she'll sell pretty cheap. You follow her to Hong Kong and when she sells you buy her in. I'll give you the necessary money, and then she'll be yours."

"By my mother's Bible!" blubbered the big fellow. "You surely told the truth when you said, 'Befriend a dog when he's hungry an' he'll stick to you when he's fat!"

No sooner was the island dug over and all the treasure recovered than Haskell put big Judd on board a passing liner bound for Manila in order that he might be a witness in the inquiry set on foot to look into the fate of the Nest Egg's captain, and carry a number of oaths in the case made out by Harry and Billy Sangree and his wife, and also that he might buy the schooner for his own when she was put up for sale.

Haskell wired ahead from Honolulu, stating that he was ready upon his arrival in the United States to liquidate the affairs of both the Haskell firm and the old Wentworth firm. He was therefore not very much surprised when he found both his father and sweet Daisy Wentworth waiting on the dock for himi at San Francisco.

The next day after his arrival a two column editorial in one of the most influential New York papers cleared the good name of both the men involved in the two failures, showing that when the culprit Philip Ireton was about to drive Colonel Wentworth to the wall, the elder Haskell strained his own credit to save the man that had befriend him in his youth, and that this was the beginning of his own downfall, which Ireton finished. Also several of the big papers were full of the news story of how Harry Haskell, determined to save his father's honor, had gone forth and faced all the perils of the sea and at last brought home the stolen treasure. The company's secretary, who had followed Ireton to Cape Town, wired Harry a long and hearty congratulation, which was one of a half hundred he received. The old Pan-American Company was completely back on its feet with Harry Haskell as its new head.

The wedding of Harry Haskell and Daisy Wentworth was a quiet affair and took place in San Francisco three days after his arrival. It was attended only by the father, by Billy Sangree and his wife, and a few of the friends who had known the family in better days and stuck to them through evil report. Harry gave Billy a handsome allowance, enough to make him care free for the rest of his days, he was so happy to have saved his father's honor.

The End.

ON THE FIRING LINE

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* * *

AHEAD OF TIME.

"I am speechless!" declared the girl who likes to talk. "Therefore I have ever so much that I must say. But, honestly, you can't convince me that there is not some evil minded sprite that delights in getting people into pickles like mine!

"I thought I was so smart and felt so superior to every other girl at the summer resort where I was last August. 'What are you making?' they would ask as they dashed by with tennis rackets or canoe paddles as I sat slaving. 'Christmas present,' I would say. Then I would be rewarded by a cry of envy and despair and a fervent resolve to go and do likewise immediately.

"I was known all through the hotel as the brilliant person who had sixteen Christmas presents finished and I was regarded with awe and jealousy. Whenever I wanted to go somewhere and enjoy myself I would have to stay on the porch and work in order to keep up my reputation. Many a day I toiled when every one else was away having a good time. I consoled myself by thinking about the early winter when all other foolish women would be tearing around in the Christmas shopping mobs getting nervous prostration and I should be serene and able to enjoy myself.

"When I packed up to come back to Chicago I had everything done—except the finishing up parts. There were the filet lace pincushion covers that I had done for six persons. I copied a perfectly beautiful one that had been given to a guest at the hotel. My thread was a little coarser than the thread in hers and that made the cushion covers a trifle larger, but I didn't mind that until I went to buy the cushions themselves.

"'No,' said the saleswoman to whom I applied. 'Your cover is a seven-inch and our cushions come only in eight-inch and six-inch sizes!'

"I wasted all afternoon going to every shop in town and I found millions of pincushions of every size except seven inches. All the manufacturers evidently had got together early in the season and said, 'Now, here's an industrious girl crocheting seven-inch covers! Let's fool her and cut out the seven-inch cushions! Good joke, eh?'

"Several saleswomen pointed out to me that they had seven-inch cushions in the made up ones, price $10.50. I could remove the covers that already were on them, and substitute my crocheted covers if I chose. This did not appeal to my idea of an economical Christmas.

"At present I have six crocheted filet covers on hand with no place to put them. I think I shall tie ribbons on the ends and send them to people to use as bibs.

"Then there's the golf bag I made for my brother. He's always howling about having nothing at his club to put balls in and odds and ends in his lockers. So when I was out there in the early summer I measured the door of his locker. I made him a stunning linen thing on the shoebag order that just fitted the inside of the door. I did his initials and scalloped the thing and spent hours and hours—and just now I found in his waste paper basket a notice from the club that owing to lack of space they were going to do over the locker-room and make the lockers smaller. I might as well use the embroidered linen bag for a dustcloth. And he makes the seventh person I've got to get something for.

"I made mother a dresser set. Before I left home I measured her dresser very carefully because it has jiggers on top of it and an ordinary cloth won't fit. I'd hate to tell you the number of hours I spent on that cover. It would cost $20 if I bought it outright. Well, mother had a birthday last week and father kindly gave her a new dresser without any jiggers on top of it and now she can't use that cover I have made any more than she could if she lived in a cave and wasn't bothered with furniture.

"I wept tears of rage when the new dresser came home and mother thought it was because I was jealous and wanted a new dresser myself!

"Then I did a lot of candle and lamp shades out of the paper rope that you varnish to make it look like wickwork. When I got home I took a day off and varnished 'em all and repaired some of the places where they had come unglued—and the next day when I went into the guest-room where I had left them safely to dry and harden I found them all glued down tight to the Oriental window seat cover. I hadn't put anything under them!

"Yes, I got them off by yanking them apart, but the Oriental cover never will look the same. There are just as many holes in it as there were shades set down to dry.

"I think," concluded the girl who likes to talk, "that there's no such thing as a sane Christmas! I've got to join all the other lunatics in the grand rush. I'm going to buy everybody handkerchiefs that they'll promptly lose and neckties that they'll hate with unspeakable ferocity!"

* * *

Her Blunder.

Mrs. Riverside and Mrs. Morningside were sisters. Both had married well, but when it came to the supreme rustle in New York, Mr. Riverside had outstripped his brother-in-law. Social lines diverged a trifle with the increase of the Riverside fortune. When Mrs. Riverside decided to assail the social barriers that rose between her and the Blue Book, the Riviera was decided on as the spot from which to make the assault. Before assailing she sent out cards for her final reception, and in the corner was engraved the customary "P. P. C." (pour prendre conge, which, translated, is "to take leave," or "say good-by"). One was sent to the less prosperous sister, Mrs. Morningside. It was in the morning mail and was opened at the Morningsides' breakfast table.

"What do you think of this, Josiah?" asked the voluminous partner of his joys, his sorrows and his breakfasts. "Seems to me Almira is making a social blunder. Here she has printed on her cards, 'P. P. C.,' and that, it seems to me, is carrying her family pretension a little too far."

"Ahem," grunted Josiah, glancing up from his paper. "What's this P. P. C. business mean? Too much for me."

"Why, President Polk's cousin, of course. It's all well enough to talk about our relationship to that great man, but it's a social blunder for Almira to have the fact blazoned on her reception cards. She's flying too high, and this will be her fall, I'm afraid, poor girl."

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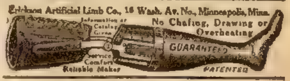
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EVERY HOUSEHOLD ON FARM, IN SMALL town or suburbs, where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamp; burns common coal oil (kerosene); gives a light five times as bright as electric. One farmer cleared over $500.00 in six weeks; hundreds with rigs earning $100.00 to $300.00 per month. No cash required. We furnish capital to reliable men. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 850 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

$60 WEEKLY TO DELIVER "KEROSAFE" lamp. Burns common coal oil (kerosene). [illegible] candle power. Low priced. Portable light. Costs 1-3 cent per hour to operate. Every home needs one. Big profits for agents. No experience needed. No capital required. Credit given. Hinkson sold 24 first week; West, 3 first night. Write today for free terms of sample. Thomas Mfg. Co., 1111 West St., Dayton, Ohio.

$300 MONTHLY. 500 PER CENT PROFIT selling our marvelous dry chemical fire extinguishers to homes, factories, stores, schools, etc., in your territory. Kills fire instantly. Low cost. Fast seller. Experience unnecessary. Agents, salesmen, general agents, get details. United Mfg. Co., 1083 Jefferson, Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS—MAKE $100 TO $300 PER MONTH [illegible] selling our new Triplicate Sauce P[illegible] [illegible] nt foods on one burner. Saves [illegible] specialties—all whirlwind [illegible] quick for territory and large catalogue. American Aluminum Mfg. Co., Div. [illegible], Lemont, Ill.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILlow tops, luminous crucifix, photo china plates, frames, sheet pictures [illegible] below the lowest; guaranteed, [illegible] ed; prompt shipments; 30 day [illegible] catalogue and samples free. Jas [illegible] F-1, Chic.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FU[illegible] ing everything; men and women, $30.00 t $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SELL GUARANteed hosiery, underwear and sweaters. Biggest money making proposition ever offered. Something entirely new. Complete sample line free. Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York City.

AGENT—GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO BE permanent representative largest manufacturers high grade soaps and toilet goods. $25-$75 weekly. Write for immediate appointment. E. M. Davis Co., R34 Davis Bldg., Chicago.

400 PER CENT PROFIT. EVERGRIP gliders. No rollers. Pocket samples free. Any one can attach. Cost 3c sell 15c. Homes buy dozens, hotels hundreds. Save floors and carpets. S. Mfg. Co., 20 J. Warren St., New York, N. Y.

AGENTS: NEW WASHING MACHINE. WONderful invention. Generates own power. Forces twenty streams boiling suds through every fiber of clothes. No rubbing. Sells itself. $10.00. Free sample. Geyser Washing Machine Works, Chicago.

AGENTS! MAKE WHAT YOU SELL! 24 manufacturing formulas and hundreds of money making opportunities sent for 10c. Agent Information Co., 710 Madison St., Chicago.

AGENTS — SOMETHING NEW — FASTEST sellers and quickest repeaters on earth. Permanent, profitable business. Good for $50 to $75 a week. Address American Products Co., 512 Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GUARANTEED HOSIERY MANUFACTURER selling direct to consumer, wishes agent in every county. Permanent big paying business. Protected territory. Credit. B. Parker Mills, 2737 No. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

MAKE $30 WEEK SELLING LADIES' handbag; just the thing for holidays; write quick. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.

AGENTS—WRITE FOR NEW PORTRAIT catalog; also prices on best holiday seller, our Luminous Crucifix. Pioneer Portrait Co., 1[illegible]8 W. 63d, Chicago.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES TO men with rigs to introduce poultry compound. Year's contract. Imperial Mfg. Co., Dept. 67, Parsons, Kan.

AGENTS—EARN $25 PER WEEK SELLING "Never-Slip" Clothes Line Fastener. Send 10c for sample. Standard Wire Co., Saginaw, Mich., Dept. 14.

100 PER CENT PROFIT SELLING MY mouth-organ self-instructors; sample, 10c. Peter Montfort, 10 B, Maritime Building, New York, N. Y.

MEND ANY METAL WITHOUT TOOLS OR acids. Sample dime. Territory now obtainable. Magic Metal Mender Co., Detroit, Mich.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and storekeepers supplied.

BIG MONEY STAMPING NAME ON KEY checks. Sample 12c. Hart Manufacturing Co., 303 Degraw St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

MEN OF IDEAS AND INVENTIVE ABILITY should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 11, Washington, D. C.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED TO ADdress advertising matter for large mail order firms. $1.00 book explaining everything mailed for 10c to cover postage, etc. Ward Sp[illegible] Co., Box 433, Chicago.

Ledger's WANT ADS

From week to week the CHICAGO LEDGER has devoted space in this section for the purpose of publishing expressions from Advertisers concerning their results derived from CLASSIFIED WANT ADS printed in BOYCE'S WEEKLIES. Below is one from a widely known Advertiser, whose ad is now appearing in most all prominent newspapers:

"We are pleased to say that the BLADE AND LEDGER have brought us more inquiries and better results than all other mediums we have used combined.

Very truly yours,
WALTER J. BURNS CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, INC.,
Detroit, Mich. Walter J. Burns, President.

HELP WANTED (Continued.)

COPY LETTERS—PERSONS WRITING AND copying letters make $10 to $25 weekly following directions. Stamped envelope for particulars. [illegible] Copy Co., 1395 Pa. Ave., Washington, D. C.

$150 MONTHLY MANAGING MAIL ORDER business, home. We start you free. Experience unnecessary. Particulars, stamped envelope. Elgin Wholesale Company, Montague, Texas.

WE PAY 25C EACH FOR WHISKEY DRINKers' names. Send dime for contract. Oro Company, Leroy, Mich.

MEN AND WOMEN, BE DETECTIVES. Earn big money [illegible]. Write May[illegible] Detective [illegible] Salt Lake City, Utah.

$5 WEEKLY COLLECTING ALL KINDS names and addresses. No canvassing. Send [illegible]. Superba Co., W[illegible] Baltimore, Md.

WE PAY 50C EACH FOR DEAD PEOPLE'S relatives' names. Send dime for contract. Midland, Concord, N. C.

$65.00 TO $150 MONTH PAID MEN AND women. Government life jobs. Common education sufficient. 2,000 appointments every month. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 30, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK TELLS OF about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. [illegible]. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1034. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

I WANT A RELIABLE MAN IN EACH county to give away premiums advertising Rodgers 20 year silverware. Pay $52 monthly, also commission. Chance for advancement. A. A. Cline, Advertising Manager, 806 Rodgers Building, Philadelphia.

WANTED—MEN PREPARE AS FIREMEN, [illegible] Hundreds put to work—[illegible] No experience necessary. 500 more wanted. Enclose stamp for application blank and book. State position. I. Railway C. I., Dept. A, Indianapolis, Ind.

A MONEY PROPOSITION — CO-OPERATE with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish [illegible] matter, goods to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars. Desk 1001, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.

$10 PER 100 UPWARD PAID TACKING signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for price list paid secure territory. Shepard's Distributing Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

FIREMEN AND BRAKEMEN; $100 MONTHly, experience unnecessary; hundreds needed [illegible] railroads everywhere; particulars free. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

MOTORMEN-CONDUCTORS; INTERURBAN; earn $80 monthly, experience unnecessary; qualify now, state age, details free. Electric Dept., 770, Syndicate Trust, St. Louis, Mo.

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BECOME DETECTIVES—LARGE SALAries; nice work; experience unnecessary; write Captain Wagner, 1243 Lexington Ave., New York.

I MADE $50,000 IN FIVE YEARS WITH A small mail order business; began with $5. Send for free booklet. Tells how. Heacock, Box 757, Lockport, N. Y.

AN INTELLIGENT PERSON MAY EARN $100 monthly corresponding for newspapers. No canvassing. Send for particulars. Press Syndicate, 917, Lockport, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE—EARN $25 TO $75 weekly; chance to see the world with all expenses paid. Loraine System, Dept. 312, Boston, Mass.

BE A DETECTIVE; EXPERIENCE UNNECessary; new proposition; write for particulars. Secret Service, Norton, Virginia.

GOVERNMENT FARMERS WANTED. AGE 21 to 50. Make $125 monthly. Write, Ozment, 68 F, St. Louis.

$5.00 DAILY MAKING SHOW CARDS FOR us; experience unnecessary; complete $30 [illegible] Box [illegible] D[illegible], Ohio.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

YOU CAN WRITE A SHORT STORY. BEginners learn thoroughly under our perfect method. We help those who want to sell their stories. Write for particulars. School of Short-Story Writing, 77 Page Bldg., Chicago.

LADY REPRESENTATIVES WANTED. IMmensely profitable, pleasant, home manufacturing business. Capital unnecessary. Instructions free. Deforest Company, Albany, N. Y.

WILL PAY RELIABLE WOMAN $250.00 FOR distributing 2,000 free packages perfumed soap powder in your town. No money required. B. W. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.

LADIES: MAKE SHIELDS AT HOME. $10 per 100. No canvassing required. Send stamped-addressed envelope for full particulars. Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Mich.

FEMALE HELP—(Continued)

WANTED—APRON MAKERS. SEND DIME (returned if dissatisfied) and stamped addressed envelope, Kenwood, 442 B, E. 61st St., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES, $12 WEEKLY, MAKING PLAIN aprons at home; we pay you. Particulars and full sized apron for 25c silver. Tiger Mfg. Co., 416 Reserve Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell, or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

$20 INVESTED NOW MAY MAKE $2,000; terms $1 monthly; interest in land and oil development. Address Bennett Co., 399 First National Bank Bldg., Houston, Texas.

MEN—YOU CAN MAKE $52.20 ON AN INvestment of 25c. Write Standard Sales Co., New Harmony, Indiana.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

MAKE $100 TO $300 WEEKLY IN THE moving-picture business. No experience necessary. Small capital required. We furnish everything. Large illustrated catalog free. Monarch Film Service, Dept. K, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS; $50.00 each; all or spare time; experience or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 344, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OLD COINS WANTED.

$50 PAID FOR HALF DOL. 1853 NO ARrows; $5 for 1878 Half S. Mint; $100 for 1894 Dime S. Mint. Many valuable coins circulating [illegible] posted. Send 4c. Get our Illus. Coin Circular. It may mean large profits to you. Send now. You have nothing to lose. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

HOLIDAY GOODS

FREE CATALOGUE OF BOOKS AND HOLIday goods. Beckstrom Manufacturing Company, B154, St. Paul, Minn.

MONEY TO LOAN

6 PER CENT MONEY 6 PER CENT MONEY 6% loans may be obtained for any purpose on acceptable real estate security; liberal privileges; correspondence solicited. A. C. Agency Company, 758 Gas, Electric Bldg., Denver, Colo.; 446 Pierce Bldg., St. Louis.

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

FREE TO YOU, MY CATALOGUE CONtaining latest ideas for embroidery patterns, art linens, novelties and working materials. Write today. Mme. De Vid, South Bend, Indiana.

REAL ESTATE

PROFITABLE LITTLE FARMS IN SHENandoah Valley of Virginia, 5 and 10 acre tracts, $250 and up, easy terms—good fruit, vegetable, poultry and live stock country. Large list of other farms. Send for literature now. F. La Baume, Agr'l. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

FLORIDA LANDS

SARASOTA BAY DISTRICT — MANATEE county—Florida. An independent income from 10 acres, raising oranges, grapefruit, strawberries, vegetables and chickens, under a warm winter sun. Frost-proof belt. Flowing wells. Ideal healthful climate year round. Invigorating salt air. Pine wood breezes. Fishing and hunting unsurpassed. Terms $30 quarterly. Write for free booklet. West Coast Realty Company, Inc., Sarasota, Florida.

MINNESOTA FARMS

MUST SELL MY 200 ACRE DAIRY FARM. Good sand soil. Andrew Olund, Cambridge, Minn.

RESORTS

FURNISHED ROOMS FOR LIGHT HOUSEkeeping at Cortez, Florida's great fishing resort. Terms reasonable. Address Mrs. J. C. Flowers, Cortez, Fla.

POULTRY AND PET STOCK

POULTRY PAPER, 44-124 PAGE PERIODIcal, up to date, tells all you want to know [illegible] of poultry, for [illegible] months for 10 cents. [illegible]te, Dept [illegible], Syracuse, N. Y.

PRINTING

KEWPIE PARTY INVITATIONS—THE LATest. 24 complete sets 50c. Ritzmann, [illegible]

SONG POEMS

SONG WRITERS' KEY TO SUCCESS" SENT free. Get in right. Submit your poems now. We revise, compose, copyright and submit for publication on royalty or outright sale. Knickerbocker Studios, 13 West 42nd St., New York.

BOOKS

"FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL" mailed anywhere 25c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., A, Syracuse, N. Y.

PATENTS

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK OF some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES," a 72-page treatise sent free upon request, tells what to invent and where to sell it. Write today. H. S. Hill, 933 McLachlen Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 112-pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

THE PATENTOME IS FREE. AN EDUCAtion in obtaining patents. Established 1865. Anderson & Son, Attorneys, 713 7th St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT—PATENT YOUR ideas; they may bring you wealth; 64 page book free. Fitz Gerald & Co., Dept. 804, Washington, D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

READ "SHE," 25C. FOUR NIFTY PHOTOS, 10c. Catalogue, 2c. Paul Duff, 2713 Mozart, Chicago.

THIS DEPARTMENT WANTS TO SERVE Blade readers. Your ad here will reach more than 6,000,000 people. Cost is $4.20 for 14 words and 30c for each additional word, cash with order, including Chicago Ledger.

PERSONAL

FREE SAMPLE MARVELOUS SALCURA mineral soap made from waters of wonderful Lake of Mystery. Best for skin eruptions, pimples, complexion; relieves all itching surfaces; purifies blood; soothes chapped hands. Brings healing mineral waters to your home. Send postcard. Salcura Co., 388 Mfrs. Home Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

HOROSCOPE. HAVE YOUR HOROSCOPE scientifically cast by the reliable English astrologer, Maud Lindon. Mem. Nat'l Astro Soc'y and famous astronomical author. For test reading send 10c and birth date to Mrs. Maud Lindon, Dept. A15, 1233 E. 50th St., Chicago, Ill.

THIN FOLKS WANTED TO SEND FOR free $1.00 trial supply of Waymor, the remarkable flesh-builder. Take the tablets—and if benefited send $1.00—otherwise you owe us nothing. We take your word. Send no money. Waymor Co., Dept. 35, Washington, D. C.

MARRY—MANY WEALTHY MEMBERS. Will marry. All ages. Directory with photos and descriptions free. Pay if suited. New plan. Dept. 27, 1228 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

IF YOU LIKE "REAL FASCINATING" books, photos, novelties, etc., send dime for Nifty samples and illustrated catalog [illegible]. You'll want more. Williams Publishing Co., 721-A, North Dearborn, Chicago.

HAVE FRIENDS AND SWEETHEARTS EVerywhere. Receive postcards from every place. Membership 10c. Hoosier Club, Terre Haute, Ind.

MARRY RICH—BIG LIST OF DESCRIPtions and photos of congenial people with means FREE. Sealed. Either sex. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Illinois.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH PHOTOS AND descriptions of ladies and gents, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRY—THOUSANDS WEALTHY, ANXious for early marriage; description free. Confidential. 268 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.

LOVERS' SACHET WINS YOUR SWEETheart without delay. Powder and its "SECRET" 25c. Britt's, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBlished for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

FUTURE TOLD; ALSO PAST; SEND DIME, birth date. A. B. Fay, 5730 Madison St., Chicago.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAper published. Mailed Free. The Correspondent (1), Toledo, Ohio.

LOVINE NEVER FAILS. EVERY PACKAGE guaranteed. Either sex. 10c. Two packages sealed, 20c. Union, Box 100, Palatine, Ill.

RECEIVE PRETTY VIEW POSTCARDS from everywhere. Best card club membership 10c. Jolly Card Exchange, Decatur, Ind.

MARRY—BEST PLAN ON EARTH. SENT free photo of every lady member. The Pilot, Dept. 674, Marshall, Mich.

HUNDREDS WEALTHY MEMBERS SEEKing early marriage. Descriptions free. Mrs. Wrubel, 752 18th St., Oakland, Calif.

MARRY—BIG PAPER WITH ALL NAMES, addresses and photos, 20c. Box 2265 B, Boston, Mass.

MARRIAGE PAPER; HIGHEST CHARACter; sealed; send 10c. B. W. Love, Box 1600, Denver, Colo.

"LOVERS' PERFUME." MAGNETIC, POWerful. Sealed bottle free. Send stamp. Scientific Extract Co., Akron, Ohio.

GENUINE PHOTO, FRENCH MODEL; taken from life; 10c. W. Girard, Box 29, Holyoke, Mass.

STUNNING PHOTOS OF GIRLS. REAL [illegible]" Very clever. Set, 25c. Renzi, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

FORTUNE TOLD—SEND DIME, BIRTH date, stamped-addressed envelope, three questions. Betta Lane, Bevier, Mo.

WHITE SLAVE STORY, "ELLA," CLOTH bound, thrilling, 50c. Ritzmann, Brookes & Co., Chicago.

MARRY RICH—HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free (sealed). The Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Electric Flame

Or, Brahm Yogi's Power

By George Weymouth

[Copyright 1914 by W. D. Boyce Co.] Began in No. 46, November 14. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from the office of publication

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RETURN OF THOMAS.

WHILE young Carew was being bathed and shaved in Crane's house, the best physician in Chicago had been summoned in attendance.

"He's all right," said the doctor cheerfully. "I've made a careful examination and there's nothing to worry about. Give him plenty of mutton chops. You can't break an English constitution like his by a few weeks' imprisonment. He kept up his pluck, and that's alll a man needs."

Thomas, in Crane's trousers, which were too tight for him, and in Crane's smoking jacket, was lying on the lounge. He smiled his good-by and his thanks at the departing physician.

"I'll be all right in no time, old man," he said to Crane. "I feel like forty mutton chops right now. But I must find out about my sister at once. You see—"

"Don't worry about that, Carew. Your sister is visiting Mrs. Chalmers at the British consulate. She is well and safe, and will be happy as soon as she finds you. You are in the hands of friends, and she is with friends. Everything is just a little bit all right. Here's a telephone. You'll want to talk to your people at the office. Have them come right here to see you. I've already sent to your boarding house after your things. You're to make yourself at home, you know."

"Thanks, old man," said Thomas, who had the Englishman's objection to a display of emotion; "how did you ever find me?"

"You'll have to ask Brahm Yogi about that, Carew. Honestly, he just seemed to know where you were. But I advise you to forget about it. He told your sister you had been ill. Suppose we let it go at that. There's no use in harrowing her soul with all the details. I am going to see her now. I have an appointment at the consul's at 2 o'clock. Probably she will want to come back with me. Take it easy till you see us."

Crane's car was waiting, and within ten minutes he was at the consul's Mrs. Chalmers and Mary were waiting for him.

"I can see you have news for me," said Mary eagerly. "Is it Thomas?"

"Yes, Miss Carew. We have found Thomas. I have just come from him. He has had a pretty hard siege, but the doctor says he's safe. You may see him whenever you like."

"I knew that Thomas had not run away," she declared. "Oh, Mr. Crane, will you take me to him at once?"

"Will you come?" he asked of Mrs. Chalmers.

"Most certainly."

The two women hastily put on their wraps and entered Crane's waiting machine. As they approached the magnificent house on the drive, Mary looked at it curiously.

"This looks too grand to be a hospital," she observed. "How did Thomas come to be here?"

"It is my house, Miss Carew. We brought your brother here today."

She looked at him, her eyes brimful of gratitude.

While the reunited brother and sister were sobbing joyfully in each other's arms, Crane and Mrs. Chalmers were waiting in the next room. He told her the whole tragic story of Thomas' imprisonment, giving the Brahm Yogi full credit for the rescue.

"Carew agrees with us that it is not necessary to tell his sister anything further than that he has been ill. He was suddenly taken sick on his way home and was sheltered by strangers who did not know his address. Later she can be told the whole truth if her friends think it best. At present, why cloud her happiness?"

"I think you are right, Mr. Crane. It's too dreadful to think such a thing could happen right here in the city. I shall always be afraid of Chicago after this."

Mary was calling them and when they went into the library they found her shining with happiness. She flew into Mrs. Chalmers' arms and then came and gave both her hands to Crane silently. His warm look brought the blushes to her cheeks, but before she finally lowered her head there was something in her eyes that gave him hope and comfort.

"We'll have a home now, Sis," said Carew fondly. "You know I've got five hundred in the bank. You are to take it and fix us up a flat. I'll be ready to go back to work in a week, I'm sure. But while you're getting the home ready I've agreed to put up with Crane here. He's been a regular trump, Mary. You can never guess how much he has done for me."

Thomas sighed and there was a far-away look in his eyes. He was living over again the dreadful days that were all nights in the black cellar. He had been there only three months, yet it was hard to persuade him that it had not been years.

"Let's forget all about that," said Crane cheerfully. He rang the bell and his housekeeper appeared.

"I want you both to meet Aunt Eliza Thorne, who has been a second mother to me. Mrs. Chalmers, Miss Carew—this is Mrs. Thorne. She had been with our family since I was born and has been my housekeeper since my mother died."

Aunt Eliza smiled fondly at Crane and made a deep old-fashioned curtesy to the two women.

But neither Mrs. Chalmers nor Mary were in the mood to remember that Crane's housekeeper was only an upper servant. They shook hands with her as friends and equals.

"I am sure Aunt Eliza will be glad to help you get ready for housekeeping, Miss Carew," suggested Crane.

"That's my job," protested Mrs. Chalmers. "I serve notice on you all that I expect to pick the flat and boss the whole job. Mrs. Thorne and Mary may help me a little, if they are very good, but I expect to have more fun in getting Mary's house ready than I did when I went to housekeeping myself. You darling!" She gave Mary a good hug. "Isn't it just too good to be true?"

"But it is true," cried Mary.

Whereupon she fled to Thomas and hugged him again, and then ran back once more to shake hands with Mrs. Thorne and with Crane.

"I don't care if you do think I'm a goose," she laughed defiantly. "You are all so good to me, and I am so happy I just can't bear it."

"Miss Carew naturally wants to be with her brother as much as she can," suggested Crane. "Do you think, Aunt Eliza, that you could manage a little dinner party tonight? If the consul and his wife can come and bring Miss Carew we'll probably have Thomas at the table. The doctor's verdict is 'plenty of mutton chops,' so whatever you feed the rest of us, be sure to get chops for the invalid."

"Indeed I will, Mr. Mark," said Aunt Eliza.

She looked at Mrs. Chalmers and laughed.

"You know I haven't had a dinner party since Mr. Mark left school, and then it was only a group of his boy friends. It does my heart good to hear voices and laughter in the old house once more. I have plenty of help and it will be no trouble at all to get up a plain dinner this evening, if you will come."

"We shall be delighted, shan't we, Mary?"

"We shall indeed," said Mary, and her shining eyes testified to her sincerity.

"Of course," explained Mrs. Thorne, with housewifely anxiety. "You can't expect anything elaborate on such short notice. Later on I will give you all a dinner as is a dinner."

The two women remained an hour, visiting with Thomas, while Mrs. Thorne bustled about the kitchen, giving orders. Before they left she brought them a cup of tea.

"I don't know what a happy and grateful girl can say, Mr. Crane," Mary sighed as she gave him her hand on departing. "You have won Thomas' heart completely. My thanks seem poor, in return for what you have done. But I do thank you, from the very bottom of my heart."

"Brahm Yogi is the hero of this occasion," he reminded her.

"I thank him, too," she said.

"It's a proud day for the old house when you enter it for the first time, Mary Carew," said Crane softly. "I told you the first day we met—is it possible 'twas only yesterday?"

"It seems ages ago, doesn't it?"

"I told you that we were going to be friends. I knew it. And something tells me, now that——"

He paused and looked at her.

"Oh, Mary Carew, Mary Carew, I cannot tell you—not yet. I leave you to guess at the sweet hope that lies at the bottom of my heart. I am counting the hours until I see you again."

"Good-by, Mr. Crane," she whispered hastily, and ran away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WEASEL STALKS THE WOLF.

THE WEASEL was filled with a strange restlessness. Some inexplicable impulse urged him on. He walked the streets for hours at a stretch, building up in his unhappy heart a brooding hatred against Branders. He had taken to his beloved "coke" again, and the drug peopled his mind with phantasms.

He had been to Branders' office twice since that first interview, and the big speculator had refused to see him.

The Weasel had located Branders' house, and was now haunting the north shore, from Lincoln Park to Belmont avenue. All night he had wandered, without tasting food. He did not have a cent in his pocket. During the day the wind blew from the northeast, off the lake. A cold rain was falling. When the second night came on he was drenched and chilled to the marrow.

Always, as he passed along Sheridan road, like a man walking a beat, he pictured his enemy, in warmth and comfort, pockets filled with money, lounging in luxury in the big house. He had passed that way so often in the last thirty six hours that the policemen had begun to notice him, and now he left the lighted streets, skulking in the shadows, through alley ways, behind fences, his hard little eyes gleaming in the darkness like the eyes of an animal.

It might have been nine o'clock when Branders' car rolled up through the iron gateway, and the master of the house alighted and went within.

The light was turned on in the library, which was the corner room on the first floor.

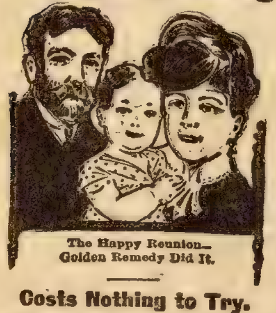
The Weasel knew that Branders was there. He saw him, indeed, when he came to the window and lowered the blind.

Waiting until the chauffeur had put away the car and taken himself off, the Weasel crept over the fence and approached the library window, moving as silently as a shadow. The Weasel was now stalking the Wolf.

With infinite patience, and without a sound, he drew himself up to the window ledge. He could hear the man within, pacing to and fro with heavy foot. The drenching rain enfolded him, but the Weasel was no longer conscious of the cold.

He tried the window softly and found that it was unlocked. An inch at a time he raised the sash, listening, waiting.

How John Quit Drinking



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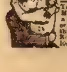

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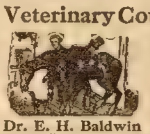

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COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Fiction is falsehood in a gilt frame.

Ignorance is the stepmother of argument.

But a note never falls due at the proper time.

Except for the fools, the wise guys would starve.

Even a gold-handled umbrella has its ups and downs.

The science of living consists in not being a dead one.

Kisses are coals of fire that consume platonic friendship.

A dime in the hand is better than a dollar mark on paper.

A mother is seldom a heroine to her 16-year-old daughter.

Nothing disgusts a fault finder like bumping into perfection.

A cynic is a person who laughs while pretending to shed tears.

The more relatives a man has the more he appreciates his friends.

Business is a cloak that covers a multitude of queer transactions.

Be frugal of your comman sense: it will some day be above par.

The form of physical culture that fat men naturally prefer is running—for office.

Judging by what some girls face the parson with they must hate to work for a living.

If a young man has money to burn any number of anxious mothers try to hand him a match.

A man seldom gets any pleasure out of a thing that doesn't separate him from some of his money.

Rich relatives are used by poor men as objects at which they can point with pride and expectancy.

Never go between a dog and his bone, a man and his hobby, or a woman and a milliner's show window.

It is possible to be active, zealous and diligent, and still go to the dogs. Such a fate is regularly that of the flea.

Success may not depend so much upon what you do yourself as upon what you can jolly others into doing for you.

As a rule, the money a man doesn't save by remaining a bachelor would be more than enough to support a wife and ten children.

Many a man has let a good job get away from him because he harbored the delusion that no other man was smart enough to fill his place.

Now and then Branders approached the window so nearly that the Weasel could hear him breathing.

The sash was now at its full height. There was nothing but an opaque cloth curtain separating him from his enemy, but still the Weasel waited.

Branders was walking a regular beat, from the window where the Weasel crouched to the opposite side of the room—back and forth, back and forth.

The Weasel timed his entrance to a nicety.

When for the fiftieth time, perhaps, Branders reached the window and turned back toward the door, the Weasel slipped the curtain aside and entered the room, without making the slightest noise.

At the opposite side of the room Branders wheeled and started back, and then he saw the Weasel, standing like an apparition with his back to the window, a foolish grin on his face.

Branders was not even startled. What could there be to fear in that limp, dripping figure? The Weasel indeed looked forlornly small and childish. With one hand Branders could have crushed him. There was no menace in the frail, drooping form, no menace in the pallid face or the dead, unblinking eyes.

The truth was, the cocaine had died out, and with it the fire and fury that had been burning for two days in the Weasel's veins.

"Well, my boy, you look pretty much like a sick duck," said Branders, carelessly. "Here's a dollar. Go and buy yourself a drink and a bed."

It was a silver dollar, and Branders tossed it as indifferently as he would have thrown a bone to a strange dog.

The Weasel did not look at the coin, which rolled to his feet. He pressed his hand across his eyes wearily, as if he were trying to remember why he was there.

"Come out of your trance, idiot, and get away while there is time," said Branders, standing with his fingers on the library table. "I have only to press this button and the servants will come. They will call the police, and—there you are."

Still the Weasel did not move, did not speak. But his dead eyes came to life. They began to burn.

"Take that dollar and go—go as you came," commanded Branders, angrily. "Not another cent do you get out of me, now or ever. I swear it. You guttersnipe!"

The Weasel, still silent, with the air of a somnambulist, now moved, and his little eyes burned and blazed.

He crouched and swayed from side to side as he crept across the room toward Branders at the table.

"Help! Help!" Branders screamed.

With his left hand he pressed the button which summoned the servants; with his right hand he snatched the automatic from the drawer of the library table and began firing wildly, shot after shot.

The Weasel was on the table, now, and a stream of bullets was pouring into and through his thin body.

He did not cry out, nor flinch, but the long knife descended into the heart of Branders, and, as the frightened servants rushed into the room, they found that the strife had ceased as suddenly as it began.

The two men were lying side by side across the table, and they both were dead.

Mrs. Chester and Lillian, speeding through the West on a transcontinental train, did not hear even the echo of this tragedy. Neither the butler nor the cook, as it happened, knew how to reach them by wire, and there was no spiritual communion between Lillian and her husband to warn her of his death.

Two days later, when they reached Los Angeles, the story of the distant death was already an old story, and they saw nothing in the newspapers. They hurried away to the ranch, where Mrs. Chester had decided to take refuge with her daughter.

It was a week before the news reached them, and then it was too late to return to Chicago and attend John Branders' funeral.

Lillian put on mourning again, but this time there was no mock heroics. She had learned her lesson, and before the summer passed she had cured herself of her foolish infatuation for the man who never had cared for her.

On a little ranch, adjoining the big one where Lillian and her mother dwelt, a big blonde woman sings about her work all day. So small the world is!

Yet if Kate knows that Lillian is the wife of John Branders, and that he and the unhappy Weasel passed away together, she has never breathed a word of it.

Kate sings, and feeds her chickens.

She tells Lillian she is happy because her husband has given up his work in the city and settled on the ranch for good.

"Kate always did have a liking for chickens and flowers," said Mike one day, shaking his red head as if he couldn't understand the ways of women. "But she has a heart, Mrs. Branders, a heart and a conscience. She has been the making and the saving of me. Why if it wasn't for her I'd probably be a burglar. I never was much for the country myself, but I manage to keep out of mischief here, and as long as we make a living and the old girl is happy I haven't got any kick coming."

And Lillian, hearing this, is set to wondering.

She wonders, if she had been a better wife, a wife with a "heart and a conscience," if she might not have been "the making and the saving" of her husband, as Kate had been.

Conclusion.

"Happy is that nation which has no history," some one has said.

And what is the need to go into many chapters, detailing the growing happiness of our friends in this story, whose lives were brought so strangely together?

We might tell of how Thomas, with the thanks and trust of his great company went back to his work with increased salary; how the Carews moved into their dovecote flat and gave a grand dinner, cooked with Mary's own hands, to the consul and his wife, and to Crane; how the Brahm Yogi was the guest of honor, wearing a dress suit and permitting himself to be made the hero of the occasion; how the consul's wife gave a dinner, and how Aunt Eliza outdid herself when the friends next gathered around Crane's board; how there were walks in the park, theaters, picnics, long rides in Crane's machine, and how he kept coming and coming to the dovecote flat till Mary said he was a nuisance; how Mary's eyes grew softer and her cheek warmer as the summer came, and when Crane at last asked her to marry him—confessed that she had always been in love with him, even before she ever saw him or heard of him, and how she loved him now more than any girl ever did love a man; how they have persuaded the gentle Brahm Yogi to remain over until after the wedding, and be Crane's best man; and how the consul's wife insists on having her own way with the grand affair, even while she hears the whisper of a new sweet hope beneath her own heart—

But all these good and beautiful and happy events would make a book of themselves; and it is the fashion of writers to dwell much on tangled crimes and complicated sorrow—it has always been the fashion, and we fear 'twill be until——

The End.

* * *

Presence of Mind.

Every one in the hotel smoking-room, with one exception, had been holding forth on his own personal bravery and presence of mind. Everybody, with the same exception, had recounted at least one hair-raising episode in which he figured as the embodiment of cool courage.

At last the silent exception was asked if he had never had cause to exert his presence of mind.

"Only once," he replied, yawning. "I had dropped into a circus to pass away a couple of hours. It was a bright little show, and the performing elephants were particularly wonderful.

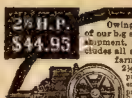
"Suddenly there was a shriek from the the women. The biggest elephant had escaped from his keeper and was making for the most crowded part of the tent—where I happened to be sitting, by the way. There was a stampede of frightened people. The shrieks of women and children filled the air, strong men fainted, and pandemonium reigned supreme."

The silent one's listeners gasped.

"But I am proud to say," continued that gentleman, "that I kept my head, and, in consequence, escaped unhurt."

"What on earth did you do?" somebody asked.

"I? Oh, I just kept on running behind the elephant!"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Or, THE WOLF PATROL

By John M. Tranter, Scout Master

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CHAPTER VII.

A BACK-LOG COUNCIL OF WAR.

"GUESS NOW there ain't a-goin' to be any squabblin' over that part of the business when we get down to it," remarked Luke, chuckling. "I always wanted to run across a chance to show the folks to home that I had it in me to play the hero part, and you better believe I'll grab this offer, right off the reel."

"But hold on," said Jack, showing a caution that was really unusual in him, and which rather surprised Karl; "we want to make dead sure they're the right parties before we go to tumbling in on 'em, or else bringing the whole police force of little old Culver prancing away up here. Wouldn't we feel cheap, now, if, after everything had been said and done, and the three hobos made prisoners, they turned out to be just the ordinary type of tramp? Some of the people who look down on this scout business'd be ready to set the laugh on us, and say they knew all this silly stuff would make boys act like a bunch of loons, trying to play hero and all that romantic gush."

"But Karl believes they are the men who robbed the jewelry store in Culver," interrupted Luke; "and he's a-goin' to tell us next just why he thinks that way, ain't you, Karl?"

The four lads had seated themselves on an old log that chanced to lie amidst the thick bushes. It was a splendid resting place, and the patrol leader had this in mind when he selected it for their first halt.

"Just what I'm ready to do, fellows," Karl immediately remarked, with a pair of his chums to the right, and Foxey on his left, all bending half-way forward in order to catch each low-spoken word as it fell from his lips, "and in the first place, I guess all of you'll agree with me in saying that they're about as tough-looking a set of tramps as you ever saw?"

"That's right," assented Jack, instantly.

"Ugh! that biggest one can scowl like a regular black pirate," observed Luke; "and say, mebbe I couldn't hate to run across that outfit when off alone on my wheel, and not another soul around! Oh, yes, if looks count for anything, and I reckon they do, they're guilty on the face of it. Next in order, Karl?"

"What would the ordinary stripe of tramp be doing away up here, tell me?" demanded the patrol leader; "you know as well as anything that they generally stick to the railroad, so as to get rides; and follow the main-traveled ways, because they depend on farmers' wives to supply them with all their meals. Now, up here, there's not a single house, or a chicken coop from which they could steal eggs or fowls. You wouldn't catch tramps coming here except they wanted to lie low. And that's just what these three men are aiming to do—stick in camp here for days, and then, when the hunt grows cold, why they can go about their business."

"Good boy, Karl!" ejaculated Foxey, pretending to clap his hands, although not a solitary sound followed the motions. "You've got a head on you for seeing things. Now, both of these other fellows looked into that camp as long as we did, but ten to one they never once noticed that the men seemed to have a whole lot of grub laid by, which no ordinary hobo crowd was ever known to do."

"Well, I declare, now that you mention it, Foxey, I did see some eatables lying around," admitted Luke, briskly; "but somehow I didn't think that strange. You're right in saying that no tattered tramp was ever known to buy grub enough to last a week. He wouldn't have the money, in the first place, and if he did, he never'd spend it that foolish way, because food c'n be begged, but whisky has to be bought, see?"

"Well, there's one more thing that tells me those men are the same who robbed Mr. Barlow," Karl resumed, for it was a habit of his to keep hammering away at a subject until he had fully accomplished his purpose, which in this instance was to convince the doubters that he was right.

"What was that, Karl?" queried Jack.

Foxey nodded his wise head, and was heard to mutter half to himself something that sounded like "Bet you he seen 'em, too. Seems like I just can't get a monopoly on anything worth shucks while Karl's along."

"It was like this," began the patrol leader, quietly. "I happened to notice that at the foot of the tree there was something partly hidden by some old blankets the men had used for coverings during the night. At first I couldn't make out what this could be, but pretty soon I saw that there were two bulky things lying there, and they had the shape of bags that were pretty well filled."

"Oh, now I get on to what you mean, Karl!" exclaimed Luke. "They had the stuff they hooked from Mr. Barlow in them same bags—ain't that it?"

"I made up my mind that it must be so," Karl went on to say, calmly, while Foxey nodded his head, and chuckled audibly, as though quite tickled to find that his own suspicions were thus being confirmed. "And when I saw one of the men bend down in passing, and deliberately cover an exposed end of a bag, I felt sure he wouldn't take all that bother unless he wanted to hide something."

"Just so," added Foxey. "I saw that the same way, Karl. Oh, no question but what they're the right crowd. And if only we could set the police on 'em we'd be doing the biggest kind of thing. Why, after that even Dolph's maw'd have to admit that scouts can be worth their salt; and a whole lot of people I know'd have to change their opinion about what it means to be a Boy Scout."

"There's just three of them, and we're seven—more'n twice as many!" muttered Luke, as though some desperate idea might be flitting through his brain just then, which he rather hesitated about giving expression to.

"But you mustn't forget a whole lot of things when you get to talking that way," cautioned Karl. "First place, they're big men, while we're only boys. Then, again, I'm almost sure they must be loaded down with dangerous weapons, because men of their stripe always are. And, while it might be pretty fine if we could only rope the lot up, and deliver them to the police at Culver, we'd like as not have a hefty job on our hands trying to do it."

"And," pursued Jack, as though following up the same line of thought, "while scouts are expected to be ambitious, and to try lots of things, still, nobody expects them to do wonders. If it was only one hobo, now, we might have a look-in."

"Well, what's to hinder our gettin' our heads together, and dividing the bunch?" Luke wanted to know, eagerly. "Seems to me, I remember how old Napoleon used always to do just that thing when he found an army chasing after him that was bigger'n his'n. He'd play some sort of a smart dodge to tempt 'em to divide, with the idea of surrounding him, when all of a sudden he'd rush his whole army on the nearest half, knock that to flinders, and then turn on the second part, to repeat history. Well, Karl, here, c'n play Napoleon, let's say, and fix it so one of the hobos'll wander away from his kind, and step into our trap!"

Karl chuckled at the idea.

"Now, that isn't so bad a plan, Luke," he admitted; "and, anyway, it shows that you are waking up, and using your brains. I like to see that. Perhaps we'll lay a plan along the lines you speak of. But first we must get back to our comrades and let them have a voice in the arrangements."

"I s'pose we'll just have to," muttered Luke; "but here's four of us, and that's more'n half of the patrol, you know, for Walter Baxter ain't really joined yet, even if he is practicin' wigwag work with Brose. And majority rules, you said."

"Go slow," said Karl. "We can't afford to make any mistakes about this thing. It's too big and serious a job to be spoiled by too much haste. Think what it will mean to Mr. Barlow if he can only get back all his best stock of watches and diamonds and the other things they took from his store. They say he'll be ruined, and I always did like Mr. Barlow, even if he wouldn't let his boy, Bob, join the scouts."

"Well, I can see a big change taking place in the way he looks at things, if we do manage to recover his stuff for him," declared Jack.

"Yes, he'll see then what a difference it's bound to make in any boy, just to hitch up with the scouts, and practice

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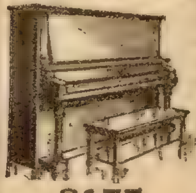

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what they learn about all sorts of things." Luke sat up a little straighter while saying this, as though he felt more or less pride surging through his veins at the contemplation of wearing the familiar khaki uniform, perhaps with several merit badges pinned on his breast, as well as that of a first class scout.

"Then I take it, Karl," Foxey said, "you think we ought to go back to where we left Brose, Joe and Dolph, to tell 'em all we've seen and heard, and afterwards settle matters for good?"

"Just what we will do, Foxey," returned the other. "From the way things look up there I rather think the hobos mean to stick it out for several days; so, you see, unless we do something to give them a scare they're likely to be found when we want them, and if it's decided best to send one of our number back to Culver, to tell the chief of police what we've found out, why, we can wait around till the officers come, and then help land the game-fish in the net."

"But they can see the road for miles from up where they're camped," urged Jack; "and I reckon, now, that if they saw a fellow going lickety-split on an old wheel, and headed for town, they'd mighty soon tumble to it that he'd made a discovery, and was going for help."

"That's another good idea," said Karl; "you're all waking up and doing your own thinking, which I like to see. Perhaps, then, we might think it best to have Brose get in touch with the other wigwag station in Culver, and transmit the news that way. It would save some time and show what use scouts can make of signal work."

"Fine," said Jack, lost in admiration, and secretly pleased over being complimented by the patrol leader, whose good opinion all the others appreciated.

"Say, that would be just a dandy thing for us to do, wouldn't it, now?" remarked Luke, possibly only disappointed because most of the glory would in that case go to Brose, whose mastery of the signal flags has caused him to be appointed as the regular wigwag operator of the troop.

"Keep still," whispered Karl, suddenly, as he lifted his head as though trying to listen more carefully.

"Somebody coming?" gasped Luke, beginning to double up, and look worried. "Mebbe them hobos have found out about our being there, and mean to keep us from tellin' on 'em?"

"No, it came from the opposite direction, and down the hill," Karl went on to say in a faint whisper. "There, I heard it again, and a human voice, too. Get back, everybody, and lie low."

He swung both arms around while saying this softly, and managed to sweep the log clear of his companions. They rolled over, and lay as close to the cover as possible, while waiting to learn who the newcomers might be. And doubtless neither Luke nor Jack found any cause just then to think that things were at all "slow," while all this excitement held them in its grip.

Closer and closer came the murmur of conversation, together with the swish of bushes; and then the scouts hidden behind the log that lay in the brush heard some one say:

"Sounded tuh me like the noise was 'bout over here; so look around yuh, fellers, and see if yuh c'n run acrost anything; hold your clubs ready, too, if so be them guys try tuh rush us!"

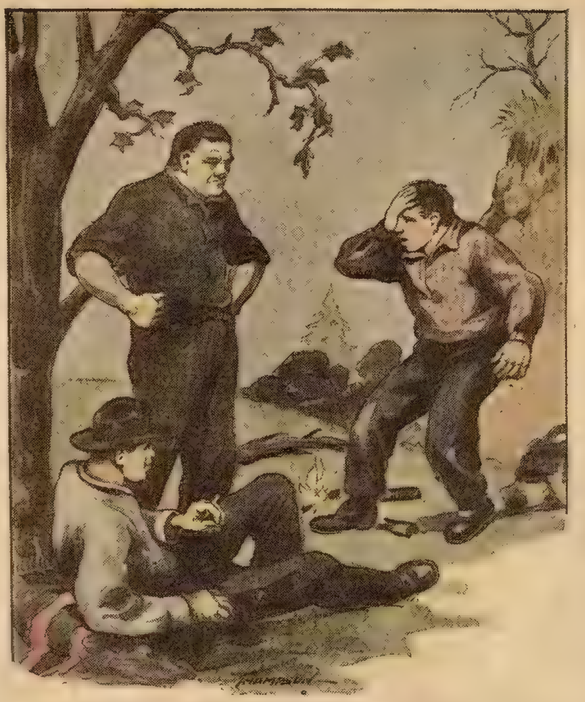
CHAPTER VIII.

THE TABLES TURNED.

"OH, KARL, that was Dan Brittles, as sure as anything," whispered Luke, in the ear of the patrol leader, as their heads happened to come together while they lay flattened out behind the friendly old log in the bushes.

"Sure! But keep still, Luke," was all the reply Karl made.

They could hear several fellows rushing this way and that, as though trying to carry out the order of the bully, who ruled them with a rod of iron. But evidently they did not have much faith in his announcement that we had heard a suspicious noise in that quarter, for they were not penetrating very deep into the bushes.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Presently the racket died away.

"Nawthin' doing', Dan," a drawling voice called out, which the hidden scouts easily recognized as belonging to Dan's "shadow," a cringing, slouching chap named Curly Bunch, who was said to "sneeze every time the bully took snuff," which was the way other boys had of observing that he always stood ready to do whatever his master told him.

"Must 'a' been some sort of wild animal, I reckon," came from another source, and Karl recognized the speaker as a second boon companion of the town bully, a heavy-set boy named Chunky Larkins, who was known as a fighter second only to Dan himself.

"Aw, let it go, then," Dan remarked, carelessly, "an' everybody head up the hill again. We want tuh sneak up on that camp-fire, an' watch our chanst tuh give them ducks the s'prise of their lives. Goin' tuh be Boy Scouts, hey? We'll fix 'em so they'll be skeered tuh ever cum out intuh the woods alone agin, bet yuh we will. Keep them clubs handy, fellers, an' foller me!"

Then came a variety of sounds that gradually grew fainter and fainter as the trio of young rascals from town drew farther away. Karl lifted his head, and could just catch glimpses of them, moving on. Luke and Foxey were already watching the departure of their old-time enemies, and Jack also came to time.

From as far back as any of them could remember there had been war between that Brittles crowd and the more respectable boys of Culver. Many times had it broken out into open hostilities, and stones had flown thickly, or groups of boys had become engaged in a battle with fists, until the town authorities had taken a hand in the game and endeavored to keep the rival sections aloof from each other.

Being thus prevented from annoying the newly-organized troop of scouts within the borders of the town, the wily Dan and his two cronies must have eagerly seized upon this opportunity to follow them in the direction of Raccoon Ridge, meaning to play all manner of mean tricks upon the campers, until they would be glad to call the outing off and return home as fast as they could hurry.

"Well, what d'ye think of that for meanness, now?" ejaculated Luke, when the hostile force had utterly vanished from view, heading straight toward that smoke which must have caught their eyes, after spending the night down in the lowland.

"Just what some of us expected would happen!" Jack declared, shaking his head, and looking rather fierce; for it may be remembered that Jack had always been a born fighter, and the desire to "pitch in," regardless of consequences, was one of the hardest things he had to subdue, under the new rules of scout life which he had taken for his guidance.

"Say, if Dan and his crowd just come up, and what Dolph said about that stuff disappearin' last night was true, whoever could 'a' hooked it, tell me that?" Foxey wanted to know, with a puzzled look on his face.

"Mebbe it was some kind of a wild animal, after all," suggested Luke, who, in spite of the fact of his poking fun at the timid Dolph had more than once during the night, when awake, wondered whether any menagerie could have been in a railroad wreck of late, as one had been a few years back.

"There's another thing that you fellows don't seem to think worth mentioning," remarked Karl, with a queer kind of a smile on his face.

"As what? Please tell us right away, Mr. Patrol Leader," urged Jack.

"Why, you heard what Dan said, all of you," Karl went on.

"About their wanting to drop in on us, and kick up all the row they could, you mean, don't you, Karl!" Foxey asked.

"Wow! I'm on to it, Karl!" exclaimed Luke, beginning to dance around in some excitement. "You mean about them headin' for that smoke, which we happen to know ain't from the fire of the scouts at all, but was made by them three hobo rascals. Oh, what if Dan and his crowd walk right into their camp and try to make friends, like they've often done before with just ordinary tramps. Woof! Don't I see things begin to happen to that same hard bunch of Culver boys, though? Karl, ain't that what you mean?"

The patrol leader nodded his head as he went on to say:

"Let Dan and Curly and Chunky once step into the camp, and my word for it they're going to have the time of their lives getting away again.

"What makes you say that?" demanded Jack, who could be a little slow at catching the drift of things once in a while.

"Why, don't you see," burst out Luke, eager to impart the fact that he had been smart enough to catch on; "if they're the desperate men we believe they are, they just can't afford to let 'em get away, once they meet up, because they'll be sorter afraid that the boys may inform on 'em. Yes, sir, chances are Dan and his lot won't have much of an opening to bother us while we're up on Raccoon Ridge, 'cause they'll be kept prisoners in the hobo camp."

The idea struck all of them as one of tremendous magnitude, so that they just stood there, staring at one another, for nearly a full minute, after which Jack doubled up with silent laughter, while the others also grinned.

"Karl, what say—ain't we a-goin' to have a look-in?" asked Foxey.

The others seized upon the idea with such united vim that Karl did not have the heart to say no. Besides, he was only a boy, and had a share of natural curiosity himself.

"Perhaps we might turn back and crawl near enough again to see what's going on," he remarked; "but there's no use in going as close as we were before. You see, they may be half expecting that Dan and his two pards are only a part of a bunch traveling through this region on a hike, and be on the lookout for signs of others. And you know stones sometimes slip when you just touch them; nor can we expect to have such great luck with a mother rabbit again."

So Karl started back by another route, his only object being to get within easy seeing distance of the camp in the rocky glen. Here, again, Karl's practice of taking mental notes of his surroundings came into good play, for he seemed to know the lay of the land in every direction.

Even Foxey mentally confessed that he was "all mixed up," and hardly knew which was north, or where the west lay, while Karl kept on with the utmost assurance, as though he had been over every rod of the region many times before.

That is what it means for a scout to always be "wide awake" and observe everything that happens around him, no matter how insignificant it may seem at the time, because often the merest trifles bring tremendous results.

Twice Karl pointed out the smoke from the hobo fire to his chums, for he saw that they were bothered more than a little about directions, and kept fearing he might be going wrong. And inside of fifteen minutes they came to a spot where it was possible to catch a fair view of the camp, while remaining screened behind the friendly bushes themselves.

"Say, they went in as bold as you please," was what Foxey said, half under his breath, as he took his first look.

Sure enough, the three town bullies could be seen sprawled on the ground near the fire, and evidently bent on making themselves at home in the hobo camp. This was not the first time they had run up against tramps, and, having nothing upon their persons that could be stolen, they were in the habit of joining in with the track walkers as though they were in full sympathy with them.

Indeed, as Dan and his crowd hated work, or going to school, and avoided both as much as possible, there was a pretty good chance that in due time they would turn out to be mere loafers, and fit to follow in the footsteps of these "Weary Willies," even if no worse fate befell them.

They had evidently brought little in the shape of food along with them, and must have devoured that for the morning meal. Possibly they expected to live off the supplies of the wise and provident scouts, or else help out by stealing chickens, eggs, and, it might be, a ham from some unlucky farmer who was careless about locking his coop and smokehouse.

"Why, they take things as easy as if they'd known them hobos for years," Luke observed, after watching those in the camp for some time.

"Wait," was all Karl said; "perhaps we'll be treated to a sight that isn't on the bills before a great while."

"The men seem to asking a lot of questions, don't they?" remarked Jack.

'Yes, and I reckon some of the boys have begun to smell a mouse already about the kind of hobos they've run up against," Karl added.

"They do look kind of uneasy," said Foxey. "See, there's Dan himself got up

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on his feet. Looks to me as if he might be sayin' kind of careless like: 'Well, let's be movin' along, fellers!'"

"Yes, and notice that one of the men has risen up, ditto; it's that chap with the black-pirate looks. My, ain't I glad right now not to be in Dan Brittle's shoes!" and Luke chuckled as he kept his gaze riveted upon the camp, which was not more than a hundred and fifty yards away from the covert that concealed them from suspicious eyes.

"Sit down!" they heard the gruff voice of the big hobo say.

Now, Dan had always been something of a bully himself, and no one had ever called him a coward, for he had been known to do plenty of bold things in his time, even to saving a companion from the icy waters of the river after he had broken in. So he must have given the big hobo back look for look, and told him he generally came and went as he chose, without asking permission of anybody.

Be that as it may, the next thing the watching scouts saw was when the hobo suddenly flung out his arm in a cowardly way; and then Dan's heels flew up in the air as he tried to stand on his head, finally landing in the midst of the smoldering fire, from which he instantly rolled, doubtless pretty well singed, and certainly as angry and confused a boy as ever lived.

It had all happened in the twinkling of an eye, so to speak. Curly and Chunky, of course, sprang to their feet, but must have fallen to trembling when they saw that the other tramps had drawn weapons, with which they threatened to do them immediate damage if they ventured to attempt flight.

And it was upon this stirring tableau that Karl and his three fellow scouts gazed with distended eyes and hearts that throbbed with excitement.

CHAPTER IX.

ALL DEBTS WIPED OUT.

THE town bully's left eye was already beginning to show signs of turning black and blue, as he stood there, glaring at the big man who had struck him in such a brutal fashion.

No doubt many a time in the past Dan Brittles may have done just such a cowardly deed himself, for he had a bad name in Culver, and had bullied it over many of the town boys for some years. But now he was taking a dose of his own medicine; and, judging from the sour look on his face, he did not like it at all.

"Hey! what'd yuh do that for, mister, I'd like to know?" he blustered, and then, as the man made a threatening gesture with his arm, Dan ducked, doubtless fearing a repetition of the blow that had made him see a thousand stars that, up to then, he had not known could be discovered in broad daylight.

"Teachin' ye manners when yer with yer superiors, kid," said the giant, grimly.

"But I didn't do anything tuh ye, Mister. An' now yuh give me a nice eye," grumbled Dan, tenderly caressing his left optic, as though it pained him acutely. "I'll be a nice duck tuh show up agin in Culver, won't I, arter this?"

"Then keep away till it gits over bein' bad lookin'," suggested the other, with a sneer.

"We thort as how yuh might be friendly, an' we cud git yuh tuh help us out in a leetle game we was a-thinkin' 'bout pullin' off; but reckon we'd better step out now an' say good-by," Dan went on to say, plaintively.

"Hold on; none o' thet, kid. We've sorter took a fancy ter yer sassiety, an' cudn't think o' lettin' yer leave us so quick," exclaimed the man, who seemed to be something of a leader among the three yeggs.

"Say, I hope yuh wudn't think o' keepin' us along with yuh 'gainst our will," cried Dan, in a new state of terror, for that tremendous thump had filled him with a sense of fear and dread toward these three ugly-looking men.

"How 'bout that same, mates?" demanded the other. "Do we let this lot slip away, p'raps ter tell all they seen ter the fust town p'lice they run acrost?"

"I reckon we'd be a set o' fools ter take sech chances," declared one of the two hobos, laughing harshly.

"Not on your life, we don't," the third man went on to say, positively, as he continued to keep the shining little article he was holding in his hand pointed so as to cover first Curly and then Chunky. "We gotter stay 'round here some time yet, an' we'd be fools ter let 'em loose. 'Sides, I'm tired o' doin' all the cookin' for this crowd; an' mebbe now these fellers as butted in on us might take a hand while we played nabob an' took things easy."

"That's the idea, Clipper; we got the chanct, an' plenty o' grub ter eat; so, I say let the other fellers do the work," laughed the second hobo.

"What!" almost shrieked the indignant Dan, "us stay here in this old camp an' do the dirty work for a pack o' tramps? I see myself liftin' a finger tuh cook yer meals! Why, I reckons as how this is a free country, Mister, an' they ain't no body dast try to make a slave outen another. When we wants tuh step out we gotter right tuh do what we feels like."

The big hobo laughed at this, and then, springing quickly forward, he aimed a blow at the town bully that, had it landed, might have put Dan's other eye also into mourning. He was agile enough to drop on his knees and avoid punishment; and then, as though seized with a panic, immediately began to whine, and call out:

"Hold on there, Mister; I take it back. Don't yuh go fur tuh hit me agin. Course if yuh wants us tuh stay with yuh a while, an' help out in doin' the chores, why, we ain't gut any 'jections, have we, boys?"

He appealed abjectly to his cronies, and as they were also trembling lest they receive some of the same medicine that had been meted out to Dan, it was ludicrous to see how quickly they assented to his question.

"All right, then; see that yuh gits busy right away," growled the big tramp, as he looked blackly at each of the shivering boys; "an', Clipper, make sure ter keep that gun o' yourn handy, so if airy one o' 'em tries ter give us the slip, fetch him down with a chunk of lead in his leg. Hear that, you?"

"Oh, that's all right," chirped Curly, quickly, and trying very hard to grin, though the effort was pretty much of a failure; "we don't mind hangin' out up here a spell. We ain't got nawthin' ter do ter hum, an' if so be we gets our three square meals a day it's all the same whether we works fur you er anybody else. I kin sling the fryin'-pan some, Mister, an' if youse say the word I'll pitch right in."

"Then git busy, 'cause we hain't had breakfast yet," ordered the big hobo, giving Curly, as a spoke, a deft kick that sent the boy headlong, and must have caused him considerable suffering, for he limped afterwards, and had difficulty in suppressing a groan every time he moved.

After that followed a scene that kept the four watching scouts keyed up to top-notch tension, and caused them to actually hold their breath at times.

Those three hobos were certainly the most brutal men any of them had ever run across, and it seemed as though they actually gloried in their opportunity to inflict pain on those who were in no position to respond, either in words of complaint or actions.

Every now and then one of them would either strike or kick Dan or Curly or Chunkey, as the chance arose, so that the wretched boys slunk around, trying to do their work the best they could, and dodge these vicious attacks. They were soon pretty well bruised, and Curly was sniffling as he tried to hold a suspicious-looking handkerchief to his bleeding nose.

At first Luke and Foxey had snickered whenever they saw Dan or one of his cronies get his punishment. It was really only natural that such a rare spectacle should give the scouts a feeling of satisfaction, for few boys there were in Culver who had not, at some time or other, felt the heavy hand of ugly Dan Brittles, whose nature was very much the same as that of the big hobo—the unrestrained temper of a bully.

By degrees, however, their feelings changed, when they saw that the three boys were really getting terrible punishment at the hands of these ugly-tempered men, who had evidently been drinking more or less and were in a mood to do almost any thing that was cruel.

The spirit of fair-dealing began to assume sway in the breasts of Luke and Foxey. They could even forget temporarily the indignities of the past, when this same cowering Dan Brittles had badgered them, and perhaps even given them an unmerciful pounding without just cause, save that they answered him back.

After all, he was a boy and belonged to Culver, while these strapping big men who abused him were desperate characters, robbers, and everything that was bad.

"Shame!" Luke was heard to mutter, half under his breath, when he saw one of the men pick up a heavy stick and hurl it at Chunky as his back was turned, because the boy did not move fast enough to suit him; and the blow must have hurt, too, because Chunky gave a little shriek, which he tried to suppress for fear that he might only bring more severe punishment down on his head by offending his captors.

Karl knew that they could do absolutely nothing to effect the release of the wretched trio, at least just then. Having voluntarily put their heads in the lion's mouth, Dan and his two companions must take the bitter dose, and do the best they could until a change in conditions came about.

Having seen enough, and more than he cared for really, the patrol leader gave the signal for retreat. And even Luke, who had suffered more than any of the rest at the hands of the town bully, was glad to crawl away so that he might not witness any more of the boys' punishment.

Once they heard some one blubbering lustily, and did not doubt but what once again a kick or a blow had landed on the person of an unlucky Culver boy.

"Whew! Did you ever see the like of that?" gasped Foxey, when it was safe for them to converse in whispers.

"Talk to me about retribution," said Jack; "it's found Dan and his crowd out as sure as you live. They're getting paid back for every time they kicked a little chap that couldn't stand up for himself. Serves 'em right, too!" he added, grimly, seeing Karl looking curiously at him.

"Yes, I know just how it is, Jack, old fellow," the patrol leader went on to say, "and all of us must have felt something the same way; but then we've got to remember that we're scouts now, and one of our rules is to help an enemy when we find him in trouble, because in that way we'll make him feel ashamed, and p'raps start him to seeing things in a way he never did before.

"Oh, yes; you must mean what my father calls a-heapin' coals of fire on his head," remarked Foxey, chuckling.

"Just what I do mean," quickly added Karl. "Now, I've no more reason to fancy that Dan Brittles and his chums than any of the rest of you, but it sure goes against my grain to see any boy being kicked around like they are right now. And I'm more bent than ever on doing everything I can to get those three brutes caught. I never could have believed that men could be so much worse than beasts. It makes my blood just boil to watch how they treated those fellows."

"Well, here's hoping it's goin' to be a

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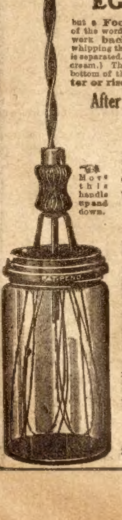
After using, simply rinse under faucet

No cogs or crevices to collect dirt or grease — ball bearing — runs so smoothly, quietly and easily that it can be operated by a child.


Move this handle up and down.

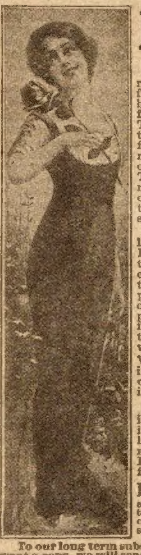
We Show the Food Whip Here Ready For Use

It Fits Any Mason Jar

Here is a selected and abbreviated list of those for which the Sanitary Food Whip is especially adapted: Coffee with whipped cream, eggnog, frappe, milk punch, buckwheat cakes, cornstarch pudding, preparing infants' food, omelets, mayonnaise salads, creaming butter and sugar, custards, puddings. These whips cannot be beaten. Don't wait. Send $1.00 for a year's subscription (new or renewal) and we will send the food whip, postage prepaid. (Canada subscription $1.50. We do not pay customs duties). Address—

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
502 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

HAROLD GREGSON 1915 ART PANEL CALENDAR



FREE

This beautiful panel is reproduced in 12 colors from the original painting by Harold Gregson, the famous New York artist. The accompanying illustration suggests the beautiful face and figure, but does not give even a faint idea of the exquisite coloring. The gown is a deep rich red, almost impossible to describe. The single rose the girl is holding, is of the same wonderful shade.

The panel is 36 inches long and 7 inches wide. It has absolutely no advertising on the front, the calendar being printed on the back. This beautiful panel is a wonderful reproduction of the original painting. Framed or unframed, it makes a picture to be proud of and one you will enjoy for years.

We send it securely wrapped in a mailing tube to prevent creasing or injury. We want it to remind you that

American Farming

is the brightest, livest, most interesting Farm Paper published. Departments for mother, the boys and girls. Enjoyed by the whole family all the year around.

FREE We will send one of these beautiful art panels free and postpaid to any address in the U.S. for one new or renewal yearly subscription at 25 cents

To our long term subscribers, and others who want a copy, we will send the Art Panel, postpaid for 10c silver or stamps (coin preferred) to cover wrapping and mailing. Send early. Supply limited.
American Farming, 19 Art Dept., Chicago, Ill.

GOITRE
$2.50 TEST Treatment FREE

Don't suffer and be disfigured with Goitre. I am curing hundreds of old chronic cases that had resisted all other remedies. My patients everywhere are reporting cures.

You may try one $2.50 treatment of my remarkable discovery at my expense. It's absolutely FREE—in plain package—send no money. You will be surprised at how quickly my treatment reduces the size of the goitre and relieves choking and other disagreeable symptoms. It is effective from the first trial. No interference with your work, no danger of any kind, no obligation. SEND AT ONCE.

$2.50 Treatment Free

Fill out and mail this coupon to Dr. W. T. BOBO, 712 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., and get one $2.50 Treatment FREE by mail.

Age?..............How old is goitre?..................yrs.
Nervous?..................Hands tremble?..................
Do eyes bulge?........................Does heart beat too
rapidly?........................ Health?..................
Name ....
Address..

New American 20 YEAR Thin Model Watch
Elegantly engraved, gold finished throughout, double hunting case, high grade ruby jeweled American lever movement, stem wind and stem set. Equal in appearance to a 15 jewel $20.00 watch. 20 YEAR GUARANTEE sent with each watch. Long gold finished chain for Ladies, fob or vest chain for Gents free
$3.75
This Model
20 Year Guarantee
Let us send it to you C. O. D. BY INSURED PARCEL POST, pay your postmaster our Special Price $3.75 when you receive the watch. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Mention Ladies,' Gent's or Boys' size.
HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 1203 CHICAGO, ILL.

ECZEMA, SKIN DISEASES, PILES
Zematol gives wonderful relief. Kills germs; stops burning, itching distress, almost magically. Doctors prescribe it. Jar sent anywhere 50c. FREE sample and FREE booklet on request.
Mignon Chemical Mfg. Co., Dept. A, Clinton, Conn.

DROPSY treated one week free. Short breathing relieved in few hours; swelling, water, uric acid removed in few hours; corrects liver, kidneys, and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment.
Collum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. G, Atlanta, Ga.

Sister: Read My Free Offer!

I am a woman.
I know a woman's trials.
I know her need of sympathy and help.

If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and ask for my free ten days' trial of a home treatment suited to your needs. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

If you suffer from women's peculiar ailments causing pain in the head, back, or bowels, feeling of weight and dragging down sensation, falling or displacement of pelvic organs, causing kidney and bladder weakness or constipation and piles, painful or irregular periods, catarrhal conditions and discharges, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling along the spine, palpitation, hot flashes, weariness, sallow complexion with dark circles under the eyes, pain in the left breast or a general feeling that life is not worth living.

I INVITE YOU TO SEND TODAY FOR MY FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

and learn how these ailments can be easily and surely conquered at home without the dangers and expense of an operation. When you are cured, and able to enjoy life again, you can pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for young or old. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain how to overcome green sickness (chlorosis), irregularities, headaches, and lassitude in young women and restore them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my home treatment a ten days' trial, and does not interfere with daily work. If health is worth asking for, then accept my generous offer and write for the free treatment, including my illustrated booklet, "Women's Own Medical Adviser." I will send all in plain wrappers postpaid. To save time, you can cut out this offer, mark your feelings, and return to me. Send today, as you may not see this offer again. Address,

MRS. M. SUMMERS, 457 E. WASHINGTON AVE., SOUTH BEND, IND.

great moral lesson to Dan and Curly and Chunky Larkins," said Luke. "They know now how it feels to be treated like dogs. I just seemed to think that every boy they kicked and abused in years was revenged when they fell into the power of them three hobos. There, listen! Another got a knock that time, I reckon. Oh, my stars, ain't I glad I ain't in Dan's shoes now!"

"The men will get tired of it after a while, and let them have a little rest," remarked Karl, "but they'll watch like hawks so that none of the boys finds the first chance to run clear, because that would mean get up and go for the lot; and they think they've just got the finest nest for lying low that could be found along the whole of Raccoon Ridge, for, while they can't be seen, they can keep an eye on the road leading to Culver, and be warned of any danger that shows up. What's the time, Jack?"

"Just a quarter of eleven," replied the other, who carried a little nickel watch.

"I wonder now," Karl went on to say, half reflectively, "if Walt Baxter would think to go up on his roof as he promised Brose, and keep an eye out for a waving flag from the peak up here?"

"Then you've made up your mind not to try and send one of us to town on Joe's wheel to carry the news?" demanded Luke, somewhat disappointed, for he had been indulging in a hope that he might be the courier selected for this important service, which would carry with it more or less responsibility and at the same time give the messenger a chance to pose in the limelight at Culver for a brief period.

"There's a little too much risk about doing that," said Karl, seriously. "You see, we'd have only the one road we could use, and they're keeping a sharp watch on that; so if they saw a boy going along at a fast clip on a wheel they'd jump at conclusions, believe their hide-out was discovered, and make a quick change of base, so that when the police did get up here the birds would have skipped out. No, on the whole, I think we'd better try and send the story in by wigwag message. It's safer all around. And if we do succeed, think what a fine thing it will be for the scouts to show how their knowledge of signaling could be put to such great use. The only thing I'm afraid of is that Walt may have forgotten his promise, or his sprained ankle hurts him so much he just can't climb to his roof. But come on, boys, and let's make for our camp. Brose and the rest will be worrying about us."

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this most interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

QUOTATIONS.

It is not always easy to find an appropriate quotation just when you want it. So here are some carefully-selected ones to help you out. A few have already been adapted and others may be; for instance, in the first one substitute your own name for "Lowell" in the last line, and if the sex requires changing, alter "girl" to "sir" in the first line, and "he" to "she" in the last.

To Send With Books.

It may ensue, fair girl, that you
Years hence this yellowing leaf may see,
And, put to task, your memory ask
In vain, "This Lowell, who was he?"
—Lowell.

I thought to myself I would offer this book to you,
This, and my love together.
—Tennyson.

This little paper traveler goes forth to your door, charged with tender greetings. Pray you, take him in. He comes from a house where you are well-beloved.—Stevenson.

Go, pictured rhymes, for one dear reader meant;
Bring back the smiles your jocund morning lent,
And warm his heart with sunbeams yet unspent.
—Adapted from Holmes.

With Homemade Presents.

Alone I did it.—Shakespeare.

That sanguine inexperience loves to make.—Cowper.

The only gift is a portion of thyself . . . Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the girl, a handkerchief of her own sewing—Emerson.

For the joy in their making
Take them, O fond and true,
And for his sake who made them
Let them be dear to you.—Henley.

With a Present to a Husband and Wife.

Go
To bless this twain that they may prosperous be.—Shakespeare.

The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received
And is enough for both.—Shakespeare.

With Presents Sent From a Distance.

I send my heart-throb fifty miles,
Through every line 'tis beating;
God grant you many and happy years.
—Holmes.

Better three hours too soon than a minute too late.—Shakespeare.

With Candy, Fruit or Flowers.

Do you like the taste?—Shakespeare.

What an excellent thing did God bestow upon man when He gave him a good stomach!—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Flowers, the last-born of the year,
I send on Christmas Day;
Oh, may your hours as sweet appear,
Your heart as bright and gay.
—Owen.

With Jewelry, Bronzes, or Pictures.

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More quick than words do move a woman's mind. —Shakespeare,

This ring, my beloved fair,
For me on your slim finger wear,
As a perpetual caress
To tell you of my tenderness.
—Adapted from Stevenson.

Take then our gift; this airy form
Whose bronze our benedictions gild,
The hearts of all its givers warm
With love by freezing years unchilled.
—Holmes.

A pleasure that can never pall,
A serene moment, deftly caught and kept
To make immortal summer on your wall.
—Lowell.

With Any Kind of Presents.

Consider not the gift of the lover, but the love of the giver.—Thomas a Kempis.

Decide not rashly. The decision made
Can never be recalled. * * *
Dost thou accept the gift?—Longfellow.

Presents endear absents.—Lamb.

Wear this for me—one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—Shakespeare.

Let this slight token of the debt I owe,
Outlive for thee December's frozen day,
And, like the arbutus budding under snow,
Take bloom and fragrance from some morn of May.—Whittier.

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Its coming, and look brighter when it comes.—Adapted from Byron.

Good wishes go with this,
And love, packed in a kiss.—Baldwin.

I send with deep regards of heart and head,
Sweet maid, for friendship formed! this gift to thee.—Coleridge.

I bring
In friendship's fearless trust my offering—
How much it lacks I feel, and thou wilt see.—Whittier.

May every Christmas grace
Shine as an angel's face.—Osborne.

The heart of the giver makes the gift dear and precious.—Luther.

I send thee here a remembrance of all
That my heart to thy heart doth recall.
—Frere.

To reveal its complacence by gifts is one of the native dialects of love.—Mrs. Sigourney.

* * *

A Royal Chauffeur.

The King of the Belgians, who has always been one of the most democratic of European monarchs, once told the following story on himself.

At Territet the King and Queen were motoring. His majesty was driving and there were no attendants. The Queen went into a shop to make some purchases.

The King was standing by the car reading a newspaper when an American woman came out of the shop, jumped into the car, which she mistook for a public conveyance, and bade the monarch to drive her quickly to her hotel.

"Certainly, madam," said the King, and deposited the woman at the hotel.

Accounts vary as to whether the King accepted or did not accept any fare.

In the meantime the Queen had come out of the store and was surprised to find that her husband and the car were absent. However, they speedily returned and their majesties laughed over the story together.

* * *

Better.

"I haven't seen Peggy since she left college. Did she succeed in getting a good position?"

"Better! She succeeded in getting a husband with a good position."

AGENTS WANTED
The "BEST" LIGHT
Positively the cheapest and strongest light on earth. Used in every country on the globe. Makes and burns its own gas. Casts no shadows. Clean and odorless. Absolutely safe. Over 200 styles. 100 to 2000 Candle Power. Fully Guaranteed. Write for catalog. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
423 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

HURRAH! HERE'S A NEW ONE
If you want to make big money, this is your chance—get in on the ground floor. Nothing like it ever on the market before—for the office, home, hotel, store—they'll sell themselves anywhere to anybody. Enormous profits—no opposition. Good all year—wonderful for holiday gifts. Don't wait—write for full particulars.
THE MASTER REPRODUCING CO., 47th and Broadway, New York City

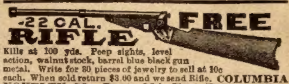
AGENTS Let us show you the best paying canvassing business in the United States. Write today to the largest makers of transparent handled knives and razors for proof. A postal card will do. $1500 a Year Sure
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO

GOLD shell Spectacles $1 a Pair Send for catalog. Agents wanted
Coulter Optical Co., Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

POST OFFICE
SAMPLE

BIG MAIL FREE!
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

FREE 1m. 21 Jewel 25 Yr. $25 Gold Watch FREE
Send no money. The watch you always wanted sent you absolutely FREE to advertise our business and make new customers, if you send for our agent's 48-piece Jewelry outfit, containing $3 razor, $1 fountain pen, 50c silver cleanser, 6 Rogers spoons, jewelry, perfume, toilet soap, etc. Only reliable, desirable, salable articles, all for only $4.95, which you can easily sell for $9 to $15. Some make $12 a day selling our goods; why not you? Write if you prefer open face or hunting, lady's or gent's watch and we will send, at our risk, this beautiful engraved stem wind and set watch stamped in case Guaranteed 25 Years, together with 48-piece agent's outfit, C. O. D. to your postoffice, or for your examination at express office. Pay postman only $4.95 and postage when you receive them and they are all yours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write us NOW.
MUTUAL SALES CO., Dept. 10A 306 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.



-22 CAL. RIFLE FREE
Kills at 100 yds. Peep sights, level action, walnut stock, barrel blue black gun metal. Write for 30 pieces of jewelry to sell at 10c each. When sold return $3.00 and we send Rifle. COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 834, East Boston, Mass.

CROWN YOUR TEETH with our gold finished shells and fool your friends. Great fad; resembles dentists' work. Slips over the tooth; easily adjusted; removed at will. Over two million sold. Thousands of pleased customers. Price 10c each; 4 for 25c or 12 for 50c. C.B.FARGO, Dept. D FRENCHTOWN, N.J.

To Women Who Dread Motherhood
Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy, Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.
Don't dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 130 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

ALL THESE FREE
This GOLD PLATED EMBOSSED LOCKET and 22-in. CHAIN—Locket opens to hold two pictures and is set with a perfect similitude DIAMOND—and these 4 GOLD PLATED RINGS to anyone that will sell only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c each and return us the $1.20. We trust you and take back all not sold. Order at once. Address K. A. DALE MFG. CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Bigger Than A Baby

3 BIG DOLLIES
This great big handsome life-size doll (2¼ feet tall) and two smaller dollies are the finest playmates any little girl could wish for. The limbs are movable and they can't be broken. You can bend them around and drop them without hurting. They are ideal Xmas gifts.
FREE
1 GREAT BIG DOLL 2¼ FEET TALL
2 SMALLER DOLLIES ALL READY TO CUT OUT, SEW AND STUFF
If you are a little girl or boy, have your mother or father send for these dollies right away, or if you have a friend who has a birthday soon, they will more than please them.
THESE THREE DOLLIES FREE
Most toys, especially dolls, are imported from Europe, but this year on account of the war, there is a great scarcity of them, so very high prices.
These dollies come on one large sheet of heavy cloth, ready to sew up and stuff; so simple any one can do it in ten minutes' time. Thousands of little ones all over the country have been made happy with these dolls. The baby's own clothes will fit the large one.
We will send a set of these dolls for only a six months' (50c) subscription, new or renewal, to the BLADE or LEDGER, or if you want two sets, one for each of the girls, send us $1.00 for a year's subscription.
BLADE AND LEDGER, 500 North Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Well Balanced

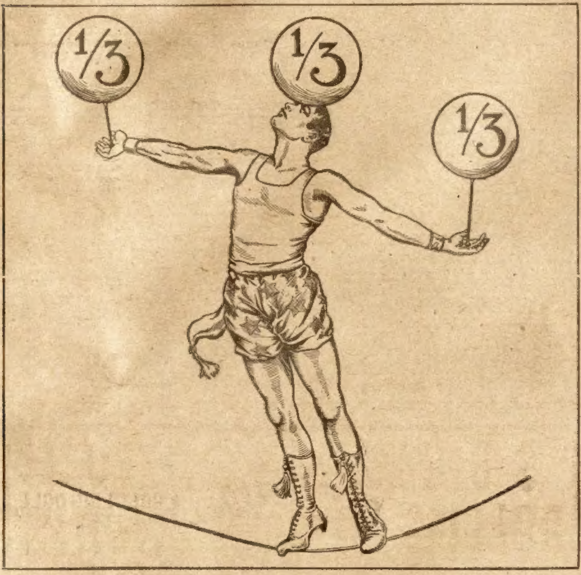
YOU hear people talk every day about this, that or the other being "well balanced." What does it mean?

You hear it said of the lawyer, doctor, judge, minister, teacher or editor that he has a "well balanced" mind. Why? Because his actions, decisions, practice, teachings or writings reflect good judgment, absent of prejudice; honesty and due respect for the rights of others. He has a well balanced mind.

The banker is considered a safe custodian for the public funds and private accounts only when he shows—through his dealings with the public—that he is honest himself and a good judge of credits and the honesty of other men. Then only is he successful. He is called "well balanced."

The stock of goods in a store is "well balanced" because the owner bought what his customers need, require and ask for; and just enough. At the end of the season he is not "long" on some goods. He is a successful merchant because he carried a "WELL BALANCED" assortment.

First, last and always is the business of farming considered successful when the farmer demonstrates that he is well balanced by arranging his business so that it is continuous throughout the year.



It's easy when "well balanced."

When money is coming in all the time with which to meet the expenses that are necessary; when his operations are adapted to his soil, his climate and the demands of his available market; when his buildings are good, his fields highly productive and his livestock in keeping with the rest of his farm; when his farm is a source of income rather than a cause for expense; when his children want to stay with him and become farmers themselves rather than leave him for something else—then, and only then, is his farming business well balanced.

Another evidence proving that the farmer—or those interested in farming—is well balanced, is the fact that he subscribes for THE FARMING BUSINESS, which is the only "well balanced" journal published purely in his interests.

Why is THE FARMING BUSINESS a well balanced publication?

Because it is made for every member of the family engaged in the business of farming. No line of business or trade exists in which every member of the family works at the same business, except farming. Father, mother, son and daughter all do their share; also all employes.

THE FARMING BUSINESS is well balanced because one-third of the reading matter appeals directly to the men; one-third, including fiction, to women, and one-third to both men, women, sons and daughters working on, or deriving an income from, farming.

All persons who have seen a copy of THE FARMING BUSINESS express themselves as pleased with it mechanically. They say it is the good style, easy-to-read type. The illustrations mean something. The headings over the articles are to the point. The name of the paper tells the story of what it stands for in three words. All of which is only saying that, mechanically, the paper is well balanced.

The advertisements appeal to the readers because they are easy to read and say just what the advertiser wants to say to his customers. The advertising carried interests more than one member of every family. It is not all one kind of advertising, and it is clean and honest. Therefore the advertising department is well balanced.

Five cents a copy from agents; $1.50 a year; 75 cents six months; 50 cents for four months. Forty pages every week.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publishers, Chicago, Ill

In Kansas City.

In Kansas City they love to tell of a certain wealthy meat packer, who never loses an opportunity to impress upon visitors to his house the great extent of his riches.

He was showing a caller from the east through his palatial mansion on one occasion when they stopped before a handsome plate-glass mirror, of massive size, above the fireplace in the drawing-room.

"Do you see that mirror?" asked the packer. "It cost me just ten thousand dollars."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the visitor, duly impressed. Then, after a careful examination of the article, he added: "But what a pity it is scratched!"

"Yes," said the packer carelessly. Then, turning to his wife, he said: "Mary, perhaps you'd better not let the children have any more diamonds to play with."

* * *

Just the same, the rolling stone acquires a polish along with his bumps.

MAKE $60 A WEEK
New gas-generating **Coal-oil** lamp. Absolutely safe. Big money saver.
300 Candle Power
Light it and make a sale. Thousands can be sold. **Enormous profits on every sale. $60 a week easy.** Low retail price. Attractive terms to agents. Write quick for territory and **free trial offer.**
ABSOLUTELY SAFE
BURNS COAL-OIL
THE L. THOMAS MFG. CO.
4117 Rome St. DAYTON, OHIO

BUY AT WHOLESALE
$4.85 for this 18-SIZE 7-JEWEL WALTHAM O. F. Watch in a 20-year case—one-half what you will pay for the same watch elsewhere. 16-size, $5.90; 12-size, $[illegible].20; 6-size, $4.95; O-size, $7.50. Sent C. O. D., express privilege of examination if desired. Absolutely guaranteed or your money back if dissatisfied. Send for our money-saving "100 Bargain List" with confidential wholesale prices on watches, diamonds, jewelry.
KELLEHER BROS. & SULLIVAN
74-80 Front St., Worcester, Mass.

LOVERS SACHET. Wins your sweetheart without delay. 25c, 50c & $1 sizes. R. BRITT, Stone St., Newark, N. J.

Throw Away Your Keys Keyless Pad-Lock FREE

Here is a lock that requires no key—no knobs to turn—no clicks to count. To open it, just put your finges on the buttons—and pinch—it flies open at once. If you don't know the right buttons, you cannot open it—and you cannot pick it. Opening the No-Key Padlock is just as simple as turning on the electric light when you know the combination.

ABOLISH THE KEY NUISANCE.

This wonderful lock will be sent to you absolutely free of charge, all charges prepaid if you will send us $2.00 for a year's subscription to The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger. If you are a subscriber now, send us the $2.00 and we will renew your subscription from the time your present one expires. They are going fast—send at once.

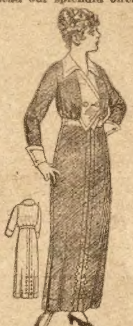
W. D. BOYCE CO.,
504 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

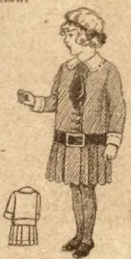
PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

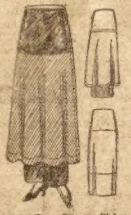
Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

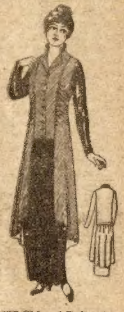
The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

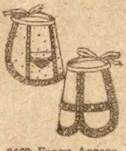
We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**

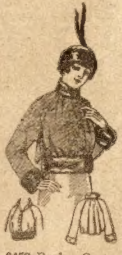

8483 Gown with Double-Breasted Vest, 34 to 44 bust.

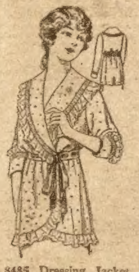

8487 Girl's Dress, 4 to 10 years.

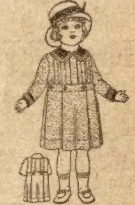

8476 Two-Piece Skirt with Yoke Tunic, 24 to 30 waist.


8477 Shirred Polonaise 34 to 42 bust.


8469 Fancy Aprons, One Size.


8459 Raglan Coat, 34 to 42 bust.


8485 Dressing Jacket for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.


8435 Doll's Oliver Twist Dress, 18, 22 and 26 inches high.

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"One of the characteristics of my old comrade, Amos Stillman, was bravery in actual fighting service," said the old soldier. "Another characteristic was a sense of humor which stood him in good stead, even in the face of danger, and contributed not a little to the gayety of his comrades.

"At the battle of Cold Harbor, before the charge, and while under Confederate fire, our corporal, who was over six feet high and scarcely bigger round than a gunbarrel, became excited as the enemy's bullets plowed up the earth about him.

"'What kind of a place is this to keep a man in?" he demanded; 'absolutely without protection!'

"He had no more than spoken when Private Stillman stuck his ramrod in the ground.

"'Here, corporal,' said he, 'get behind this.'"

❧

Very Easy.

Before the passage of the present strict banking laws in Wisconsin starting a bank was a comparatively simple proposition. The surprisingly small amount of capital needed is well illustrated by the story a prosperous country town banker told on himself when asked how he happened to enter the banking business:

"Well," he said, "I didn't have much else to do, so I rented an empty store and painted 'Bank' on the window. The first day I was open for business a man came in and deposited a hundred dollars with me; the second day another man dropped in and deposited $250; and so, by George, along about the third day I got confidence enough in the bank to put in a hundred myself."

❧

Used to It.

It was in the country village, and Pat Casey was making preparations for a "flitting"—the fourth removal in about twelve months. The parish priest happened to be passing, and remarked:

"What! moving again, Pat?"

"Yes, your reverence," replied Pat.

"You are taking your poultry, too, I see. I think they will be getting tired of being moved about."

"Gettin' tired?" said Pat. "Why, sir, they're that used to it that every time they see a furniture van they run into the yard and lie on their backs with their legs in the air waitin' to have 'em tied."

❧

His Business.

Representative Hobson was arguing prohibition with a red-faced millionaire at a tea in Washington.

"So-and-So," said the millionaire, naming a noted temperance lecturer, "drinks like a fish."

"Maybe," said Mr. Hobson. "Maybe. And do you drink yourself?"

"That's my business," said the millionaire angrily.

"Quite so," said Mr. Hobson. "And have you any other business?"

❧

Expected Too Much.

A noted New York architect said of a recent criticism of skyscrapers:

"The criticism is not fair. It is prejudiced. Hence it will do more harm than good—like the remark to the waiter.

"To a waiter who was under notice to leave, a gust said in a restaurant:

"Waiter, confound it! This steak isn't tender enough!'

"'Not tender enough?' the waiter snarled. 'Ah, what do you expect? Do you want it to jump up and hug and kiss you?'"

❧

Accommodating.

When E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe were playing in a Western city last season, a rural couple stepped up to the box office, and the man said:

"Playin' Shakespeare here, they tell me?"

"Yes, sir," replied the ticket seller.

"What's the show tonight?"

"'As You Like It.'"

"Wall, that's what I call accommodatin'," said the native. "Seein' as you give us our choice, mother and me'll take 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

❧

A Common Biography.

The Washington Star credits the late Mayor Gaynor with the following criticism of a novelist who had begun promisingly, but who had degenerated into the lowest type of the "best seller."

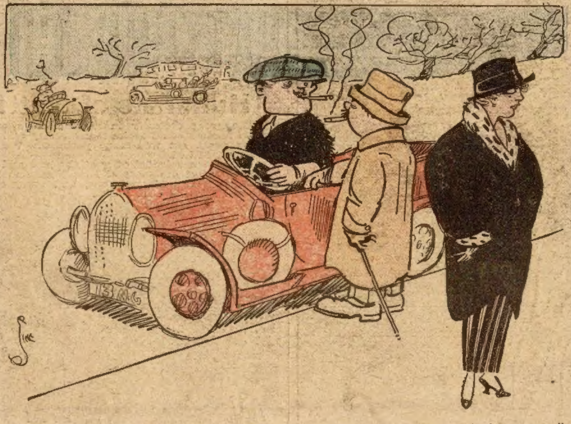
This scribbler's whole biography could be put into two questions and answers, thus:

"How did he commence writing?"

"With a wealth of thought."

"And how has he continued?"

"With a thought of wealth."



Binks—"Will you indorse my sixty day note, old chap? I want to buy a car."
Winkes—"Well, yes—I've just bought a car myself and will be bankrupt in sixty days, easy enough!"

A New Type.

Lewis Cass Ledyard was talking in New York about a muckraker of a new type.

"I've never heard any good of him," he said. "Even when I've thought I heard a word in his favor, it has always proved the opposite when traced to its source.

"It's like the case of the office boy whose master said:

"'Willie is slow and sure.'

"'Slow and sure, eh?'

"'Yes, slow to learn and sure to forget.'"

❧

Too Many Minutes.

The negro coachman of a Southern Senator who attends the Episcopal Church, after many invitations from the Senator's wife, went into the church one Sunday morning instead of staying outside.

"How did you like the service, Jim?" she asked afterward.

"Not much, mistis," Jim replied. "That ain' no church foh me. Dey wastes too much time readin' th' minutes of th' previous meetin'."

❧

Forgot His Speech.

Dan Daly once essayed the legitimate. It was in the early days. All he had to do was to come to the center of the stage at a critical moment and shout:

"The King is dead; long live the King!"

When the time came Mr. Daly promptly assumed the correct dramatic pose, but for a moment was so agitated that words failed him. Then he bellowed at the top of his voice:

"Long live the King—he's dead!"

❧

Something He Knew.

Mischa Elman tells a story of his early youth. He was playing at a reception given by a Russian prince, and played Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonata, which has several long and impressive rests in it. During one of these rests a motherly old lady leaned forward, patted him on the shoulder, and said: "Play something you know, dear."

❧

A man is known as his mother's son until he becomes his wife's husband.

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